

Brutarian

No 8

ADULTS ONLY



Fan

Mail

Yeah:

Alright, so I slipped it to that little bitch a couple of times. So what! What business is it of yours anyways? An speaking of business, did I tell you we's having a special this week? Right, it's two for one. Tree-fifty gets the brakes fixed on your car. An if you bring in your wife's car within tree days of that, we'll "fix" her brakes too. If you get my drift.

Joey "The Fixer" Buttafuoco
From A Garage Somewhere
On Long Island

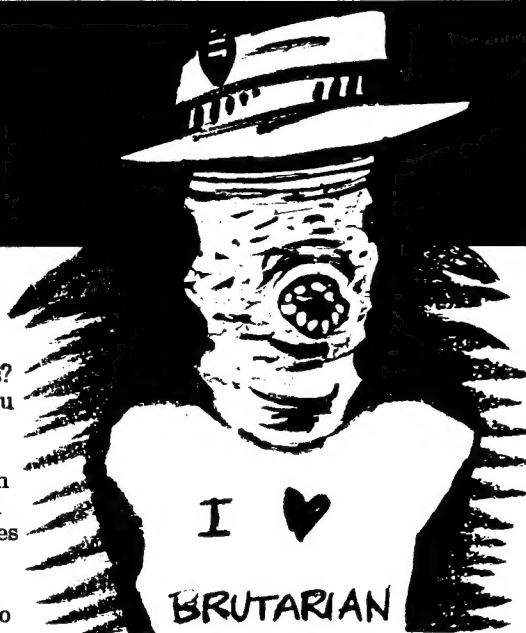
Guys:

Don't feel sorry for me. Youse don't have to feel sorry for me. All the mon-eyes I made for my story, forget about it. An all the moneys I been promised oncet I get out. All I gots to do is finish the job on that lopsided, puggy bitch I shot in the brain pan in the first place. No problem. I'd be doing her a flavor the way she looks now all fucked up and lopsided. Lopsided bitch. She won't be talking out of any side of her mouth oncet I get true with her the lopsided, mush-mouthed bitch.

Sincerely,
Amy "Long Island Lolita"
Fisher
Rikers Island

Dear Little Fanboys:

Sure your magazine betrays the influence of art, literature, poetry, great works of classical antiquity, psychology, etc. but all of this is irrelevant. What is relevant is me and what I think is relevant. Here is what is relevant: my name, which is David Aaron Clarke not Harold Clarke (oh, I know you probably intentionally got it wrong to show how irrelevant it was but believe me my name is highly, tremendously relevant). Here is what is even more relevant: allowing strange women dressed in latex to insert dildos in your anus while you wiggle and squirm like a small child waiting in



line to use a public restroom; reading minimalist poetry in empty bowery performance spaces over the dull resort of a lash on your bulbous, obscenely dimpled buttocks; slapping your flaccid genitals while hanging upside down from a streetlamp. But to be supremely relevant you must cultivate a preposterously imperious persona, so imperious that it forces your closest friends to reveal intimate secrets and compels the few borderline personalities willing to indulge your indecent fantasies to rip their clothing and claw their bodies out of despair and shame. Do you see what I'm getting at here?

You can only be relevant by being irrelevant; for that which is relevant can never be irrelevant and that which is irrelevant remains, now and at all times . . . (Ranter forcibly ejected from the "instruction" room at Olga's House Of Shame).

Satanic Instruments of Evil:

Whither goest thou? Whither goest thou? This question preyed heavily on my heart as I read your vile, puerile and black-hearted publication. But I know that you already know the answer: To HELL which from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming! You are worms, and not men, a reproach of men, and despised of my people. But where sin abounds grace does much more abound. And truly, I can see a glimmer of hope for you vipers. Behold I come as a thief to tell you to erect your temple on the foundation of your rabid anti-feminism. For it will lead you to our Father in heaven who is

sorely vexed with these loathsome creatures and their blood drinking of innocent Christian children, their unholy lesbian couplings, their reliance on the dark arts and most abominably, their anti-capitalist practices. Verily it can be said that all wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman. So is it also with Brutarianism as compared to feminism.

Yours in God and Mammon,
Pat "Alpha and Omega"
Robertson

Gentlemen:

Have you any idea what would happen if we allowed gays in the military? You're goddamn right! Every single solitary soldier would be fucking one other and no one would want to kill anyone anymore. You wouldn't have a military, you'd have a femilitary. I want our men and women ready to kill anyone and everyone at a moment's notice not stuffing gerbils down trail tubes wedged in anuses coated with crisco or fisting each other like there's no tomorrow. This may be Gore Vidal's idea of the modern fighting force but it's certainly not mine.

Highly aroused,
Sgt. Barry Sadler
The Halls of Montezuma

Supposed Trash Film Fans:

Why haven't you reviewed *all* of David Friedman's films? I have and you know why? Because I know that the frenzied Friedman is the king of kings, the Beelzebub of breasts, the guru of garter belts, the captain of carnality, the sheriff of sin, the genie of jiggle, the conquistador of carnality, de boogga de baggadda, de looka de laga, de futu de flaga . . .

Bombomada bumbomada,
Bum Betsy Bum Burger
Hum *Highball* Mum
Magazine

BRUTARIAN

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WHAT IS
PORNOGRAPHY TO
ONE MAN IS THE
LAUGHTER OF
GENIUS TO
ANOTHER.*

* D.H. LAWRENCE
"PORNOGRAPHY AND OBSCENITY"
THIS QUARTER JULY-SEPT. 1929



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Men: dom salemi, Jarrett Huddleston, Jim Schoene Women: Sandy Smiroldo, Sara Porter, Carolyn Gallegos Miller

SUBSCRIBE TO BRUTARIAN! only \$12 per annum. All checks payable to dom salemi.

Back issues - \$6, which is incredibly cheap for works of such unsurpassed genius.

We Axed For It: **THE MEN TORS**



**Dom
Salemi**

**Jim
Kirkland**

**Steve
Jeffries**

We do lots of things simply for laughs. Like sending the issue containing our vicious Madonna book parody to Ms. Ciccone with a cover letter demanding a personal nude interview. Like handing out copies of our special election issue, the one with President Clinton taking a dump on the cover, to little Chelsea's school chums at Sidwell Friends. No, we weren't stopped. We're far too big now for anybody to stop us from doing anything. Besides we were dressed like Quakers, leading the Secret Service to believe that we were part of the Sidwell school staff. Anyway, we're big, real big and so we weren't at all surprised when both Chelsea and Madonna called us almost immediately upon receiving their copies of *Brutarian*. We were shocked, absolutely shocked however, when Suzy Owens, the manager of Tipper Gore's arch enemy, the Mentors, left a message on our answering machine informing us that the boys would be delighted to talk to us. We were stunned. We were speechless. The legendary Mentors! The band that dared to make misogyny, homophobia, alcoholism and wife beating a joke and gave anyone who refused to get it the finger. Hell, these manly men were so contemptuous of even being *thought of* as politically correct that they made Dice Clay look like a choir boy.

But Mistress Suzy wouldn't let us talk to all the members of the band at the same time. In fact, if El Duce, the mentor of the Mentors, is to be believed there may no longer even be a band. It seems that Sickie Wife Beater and Dr. Heathen Scum had a little falling out on their recent tour - something about El Duce and a truck stop whore, but we'll get to that in a moment - result-

ing in the last couple of shows being played without the venerable Duce. After the tour's demise, Duce high-tailed it to Seattle to visit his folks (Do they know what he does for a living?) and to drink while Sickie and the good Doctor returned to LA to practice and ponder the future of the trio.

Our interview consisted of two phone calls, the first went to the Scum in LA, the second to the inebriated and slobbering Duce at his folk's house in Seattle. In informing you of the venerable Duce's condition we are by no means implying that we do not approve of drunkenness. We do. Like Rimbaud, we believe that one should "always be drunken. Whether on wine, song or verse or what you will. Be always drunken." And to do honor to this most auspicious of occasions and because we never fete anyone with song or recitations of verse, Steve, Jim and I got ourselves royally besotted on Jim Beam and a couple of six packs of Black Label. Steve became so ossified that even El Duce had trouble understanding him and for awhile it was fun listening to the two of them babbling incoherently and pretending that they understood each other. Eventually Duce drifted into some kind of fugue state, although thankfully he continued to talk giving us *something* to publish even if it was not necessarily of any value, and Steve greatly perturbed at this strange turn of events, placed his leather jacket over his head and went to sleep. Jim and I were left to carry on as best we could. So if Duce's transcribed comments seem a bit strange, a bit incoherent, blame Steve not us. We did.



Steve: Why do you want a cigarette? You just had one in your hand? I'm not giving you any more.

Dom: That's true, I just had one going. Maybe I should go find it before I burn the fucking house down? Naw, what the hell. The hell with it. Let's test our brand new Tandy 5000 Speaker Phone System. Uh oh, no time, there's the phone . . . Hey man, it's us. We the Brutarians . . . Why isn't this speaker phone working?

Steve: Because it's a piece of shit.

Dom: No, it's a Tandy 5000. Top of the line. Hey! Scum! Can you hear us? We can't hear you. What's going on here? No wait. What about if we turn the volume all the way up?

Steve: Just press something man!

Dom: I did. I pressed everything. Every button. Look. Here, I'll press everything again . . . See? Nothing . . .

Jim: Hmmmm . . . Privacy button, memory button . . . Very interesting.

Dom: Hello? Hello? You can hear us but we can't get the speaker phone to work. What's going on here? This is fucking terrible.

Jim: Beats me. Let's go back to drinking and forget about it.

Dom: Jim, we can drink and still do the interview.

Steve: Hang on. Give me the phone.

Dom: I don't want to. This is my Tandy 5000 Speaker Phone System not yours.

Steve: Idiot! I don't want to take it home with me. Besides it's a Duophone 148. "Duo" means two. So let someone else use it.

Dom: Maybe if I put the receiver back in the cradle . . . Let's see . . . HELLO! Can you HEAR us?

Scum: YEAH!

Steve: Fucking-A! On with the questions. Quickly, quickly.

Jim: Are you a new Heathen Scum or have you been Heathen Scum for awhile?

Steve: What kind of question is that?

Scum: I'm the original bass player of the band. Actually, I'm the second guy called Heathen Scum but I was the original bass player.

Steve: He's just SCUM!

Jim: Isn't this really the second career for the Mentors? The second coming?

Steve: What does that mean?

Scum: Probably the third or the fourth, fifth, or sixth maybe . . .

Jim: So this has been going on a long time?

Scum: We got a little momentum going on right now.

Steve: It's like, uh, Jesus!

Dom: What is? The beer you just popped and spilled all over my Tandy 5000 Speaker Phone System?

Jim: Well the last time I saw you guys, some three years ago you all appeared to be on your last legs. You looked destitute, like you were starving . . . Well starving for alcohol anyway.

Steve: AND LOADED!

Jim: So what happened? How did you guys pick yourselves up?

Scum: Well, we're not so destitute at the moment.

Steve: Do you have any money for us? *Brutarian* is doing even worse than the Mentors at the moment.

Jim: Wasn't there a girl member of the band once?

Scum: That was sort of an unauthorized Mentors . . .

Steve: . . . an unauthorized HOT MINX!

Scum: Of course it was not approved by the band, I mean the rest of the corporation.

Jim: Didn't I hear El Duce say something about her being booted out in Georgia?

Scum: He was booted out in Georgia?

Steve: Hey! He's drunk too!

Dom: Not as drunk as you though.

Jim: No, she, SHE was booted out in Georgia.

Scum: No, I think that was actually a different chick.

Steve: Ahhh, you throw them all out. Out into the street.

Jim: Do the Mentors always play punk clubs or do they play in other forums?

Scum: We play some mellow places (laughs) and we have freaked out some mainstream metal audiences. It's fun watching half the girls leave.

Steve: That's because they probably don't like "Secretary Hump."

Scum: They don't?

Steve: Maybe not. They're probably, at least at the heavy metal bars, ALL secretaries. What other kind of girl would go to a heavy metal bar?

Scum: Yeah, some of 'em might take it the wrong way.

Steve: And some of 'em might take it the RIGHT WAY!

Scum: It's ALL just a joke but it kind of separates the career chick from the pissed off, arrogant ones.

Steve: Dom! Would you please stop trying to wipe off the phone and ask some goddamn questions?

Dom: Okay! Okay! Listen, one of the reasons we asked for the interview, aside from the fact that we're fans, is that you've somehow managed, shanghaied is the word that actually comes to mind . . .

Steve: Get to the point!

Dom: . . . a woman to manage the band.

Steve: That's not a question!

Scum: She's Sickie's girlfriend, so it's really a case of being all in the family.

Dom: And one of the reasons that Suzy, your manager, says she called us was that she was interested in finding out whether my wife was REALLY a fan.

Steve: That's not a question. Ask some questions, Dom.

Dom: Here's one: Why don't you shut the fuck up?

Steve: Because you're not asking questions.

Dom: Alright, Mr. Jeopardy. I'll make sure I put everything in the form of a question. Scum, what's this I hear about El Duce celebrating the Xmas holidays with his parents? You mean there are people, real people, who actually *admit* to being the mentors of El Duce?

Scum: Yeah, he's up there taking a little R&R.

Dom: Does his family know *what* he does?

Scum: Oh yeah, they know EXACTLY what he does.

Dom: Are they fans?

**"Heterosexuals want a
rockin' chance**

**We don't wear dresses we
wear pants**

**On the stage we'll rock 'n'
roll all we can**

**We're gross and fat but we
look like a man"**

- Heterosexuals Have The Right To Rock -

Scum: Well . . . they aren't Bible thumpers or anything . . . I think they think the whole Mentors' thing is kind of funny but they don't go to the shows.

Dom: Anything outrageous happen on this last tour?

Scum: We had some problems with the cops. Coming out of Columbus, Ohio we pulled into this, we were looking for someplace to spend the night, obviously, so we pulled into this truck stop. And I started to make some jokes about truck stop hookers 'cause we don't normally stay in truck stops. We stay in real quality places: Motel 6. But anyway the next morning Sickie and Duce go over to the bar to get a beer before we leave and Duce winds up bringing back this hooker. And he wanders over and says, "Oh, do you think it's okay if she goes with us to Milwaukee?" So we get in the van and about fifteen minutes later Duce starts whining about having to take a piss. So I pull off the turnpike and Duce goes off to piss and smoke some pot with this hooker. Suddenly, there were cops everywhere and Duce was running one way and the hooker the other and the cops, they didn't go after either of them, they went for the van. Searched it but there was no pot in the van. However, they did cite our roadie for possession of a pot pipe.

Dom: So that was your only brush with the law on the tour? That's not too damn bad for the Mentors.

Scum: Yeah, but it was a hassle because we had all this money and the cops wanted to know where the cash came from. I said, "Hey, we're a touring rock band." And their response was, "Yeah, right! Sure! This is drug money!" And so we had to produce proof that we were who we said we were. We were only out a month but we did twenty seven shows and this hassle coming on top of this kind of schedule didn't lift our spirits any.

Dom: Well, here's the question I really wanted to ask . . .

Steve: WHY DID THE BEATLES BREAK UP?



Dom: Because no one else in the band wanted to fuck Yoko. But seriously folks, how do you feel about your arch-enemy, Tipper Gore moving into the White House?

Scum: I'm looking forward to the Clinton coming.

Dom: So you're going to the inaugural ball, right? I assume Tipper's sent you an invitation?

Scum: Absolutely! We're playing it. Clinton said he'd love to jam on sax with us. But with Clinton, I'm happy. It's good having a pot smoker in the White House. I'll teach him how to inhale. And he's into Fleetwood Mac which is kind of lame but Fleetwood Mac were a BIG stoner band. They were snorting drugs left and right. But let's get one thing straight. Clinton did not inhale. It's a common thing among novice pot smokers. They have to do it a lot before they start realizing, like I did after smoking for over a month, "Hey! I'm not getting high. What am I doing wrong?"

Dom: Well we just feel good that we now have a President who's even been around drugs.

Scum: Now, let's not forget Kennedy. There is a precedent for this kind of behavior. And let's not forget Willie Nelson, an absolute pot fiend, smoking in Jimmy Carter's White House.

Jim: At a recent gig, I couldn't help noticing that you and Sickie looked fairly trim. Are you going to go on a junk food diet so that you can maintain that noted Mentors' physique?

Scum: (Laughing) I'm really not into gross obesity. I'd actually like to lose about twenty pounds. I was on a diet of chili cheese dogs and cokes for awhile and one day I said to myself, "Fuck, I can't get into my clothes anymore!" Which isn't such a big deal but I couldn't afford new clothes so . . .

Steve: You just gotta let your stomach hang out under your t-shirt.

Jim: Or no shirt.

Steve: Just let your pants ride under your stomach and then your t-shirt can ride on top of it.

Scum: Yeah, that's a real good image to have (laughs).

Steve: Women dig it. It's masculine.

Dom: What happened with Metal Blade? Why were you so unceremoniously dumped? It's not like Metal Blade has dozens of great acts on their roster.

Steve: Armored Saint (everyone laughs).

Scum: Well, the band itself didn't handle things right. There was a lot of star tripping and we kind of let things go to our heads, didn't pay attention. And when our contract came up for renewal we let El Duce and this so called manager go out to negotiate and they got all fucked up and Metal Blade dropped out of the bidding for us saying, "Well, heh, heh, you guys can't behave yourselves. We don't want you on the label anymore."

Dom: Why and how did you guys get back together? The last interview I read with Duce showed him to be a drunken stumblebum whose only interest was hanging out in alleys and sucking dick for beer money. Was that shtick?

Scum: No. That's him and frankly it causes a lot of problems for the band. Because me and Sickie, hard as this may be to believe, are somewhat responsible. He's really wild. He can't keep a place of his own and it all can get extremely annoying. By the way that *Answer Me* interview was an accurate portrayal of Duce but that guy sporting the black eye was not Sickie! It was a roadie friend of Duce's. So you can let people know that Duce isn't punching out any of the band members.

Jim: So what's next for the band?

Scum: This isn't the first or last time but we were really getting on each other's nerves on the last tour. Duce was being the worst he's been in a long time, really being obnoxious and not respectful of the other guys in the band. He kinda bailed on the last couple of gigs too. "Unnnnh, I don't want to do it!" But hey, the show must go on asshole. We always travel with another drummer anyway because he's got such an alcohol problem. But this kind of stuff happens all the time. We're always fighting with one another. There's always some sort of back stabbing going on at any given time.

Dom: We're supposed to call him next. That is if Steve doesn't short circuit my Tandy Speaker Phone with his beer. Do you think we should even call this guy?

Scum: No, go ahead. Get his side of the story.

Steve: You guys ought to cut all this stuff out. You might be friends by the time we publish this interview.

Scum: Yeah, probably (Laughs). Hey, good luck with that phone. Maybe Steve should switch to Bourbon.

Steve: . . . that French guy, it's a French guy . . .

Jim: I think he's talking about G. G. Allin. He's rather confused.

Steve: . . . it's the French guy . . . a French guy . . .

Duce: Anyway, enough of G. G.

Steve: Yeah, but it was a French guy . . .

Duce: A french fry?

Dom: How do you feel about Tipper Gore living in the White House?

Duce: That could be bad. She succeeded in banning our records from K-Mart, Target and a couple of these other national chains. Woolworths. In fact there's no rock in K-Mart. There's cowboy and western music and gospel and symphony music but there's no rock. I had a friend who bought a Mentors' tape at K-Mart and when he went back there was no rock in the bins. Just all this other type of music.

Jim: But shouldn't Tipper get some credit for getting you guys noticed?

Duce: Yeah, after the Meese hearings my royalty checks went from fifty to five hundred. That's five hundred dollars every three months. That's quite a change.

Dom: This guy can live on five hundred every three months?

Duce: I'm drinking some great brew right now.

Steve: I'm going to sleep.

Duce: Old English 800. It's the best kind. It's all I drink now of beers. They've got 64 ounces of it. In Michigan. In Milwaukee, Waukegan and Wisconsin. I went to the store and I couldn't fucking believe it. They've got giant fucking malt liquors. I went to the store and tears came to my eyes. 64 fucking ounces. I said to myself, "I know some guys in California who aren't going to believe this." But the bottle never made it. I packed it but as I was on the way to California I stopped in St. Louis on a Sunday. They don't sell beer in St. Louis on Sunday. You have to go to a bar. So I was thirsty and I drank that 64 ounce in one gulp. Mickey's Big Mouth isn't bad. And this other stuff called Power Burst.

Steve: You mean Power Master.

Duce: Yeah, Power Master. They've got that in a 64 ounce now too. I love Power Burst.

Dom: What's happening with the band? Have you quit?

Duce: They kicked my hooker girlfriend out of the band. And then they ditched me in St. Louis and I ended up having to take the bus and that got held up and I ended up missing a gig in Seattle. Then I played

in Portland and that left one gig in Idaho and Sickie and I got into a big fight . . . I had some pot somebody gave me and Sickie said, "No, you can't bring pot in the van. You have to throw it away." And I said, "If the pot goes, I go." And for Sickie that was fine.

Dom: How the hell can there be a Mentors' show without El Duce.

Duce: I know. I heard they got booed off the stage in Idaho. And I heard the same thing happened in Seattle. So that's what you get for ditching me. I met this one guy after I got ditched. He was hanging out at the liquor store and he recognized me. He said, "Hey, I thought your band was on tour?" And I said, "Yeah, I did too." . . . Hey, we had some guy call me up from *Maximum Rock 'N' Roll* the other day who wanted to do an interview.

Dom: So what happened?

Duce: He ended up hanging up on me in the middle of the interview . . .

Jim: Why?

Steve: (Rousing himself) Because they're pussies.

Duce: . . . He asked, "You guys are actually male chauvinists? You actually believe in that?" And I said, "Yeah." He got pissed and said, "Well, we got women who write for this magazine. Do you actually think that women are stupider than men?" And I go, "Yeah!" Every time he would ask me a question, I would say, "Look do you want the truth or not?" And he finally cut me off with, "We've decided that we don't need your male chauvinism and you're probably a fascist and everything else too."

Dom: What did he expect from a guy who calls himself "El Duce?"

Duce: He also asked, "Are you one of those neo-Nazis that shave their heads?" And I said, "Well I shave my head." So he concluded with, "We don't want to deal with any neo-Nazis" and hung up the phone.

Dom: You should know my wife made me call you.

Duce: Of course. She knows what's up. She knows what's hip.

Jim: Have you been following the Bob Packwood trial?

Duce: Yeah, he's pretty funny. I met this stripper on Halloween and all I had to do was lay in the waterbed all day while she stripped and then one day she came in and said, "Look, I've got to go back to Texas . . ."

Dom: What does this have to do with Bob Packwood?

Jim: Forget it. He's drunk who cares?

Duce: . . . and we have to get out. So then I came up here to Seattle. In Portland they have 75 total live nude

strip clubs. And all the rock clubs are strip clubs. So we have a lot of strippers at our shows. So I get free passes . . . Every chick liked the Mentors. In some cities, you can't get one chick to like the Mentors . . .

Dom: I think he's in some sort of fugue state.

Jim: Do you think if we hung up he'd know it?

Steve: Doubtful.

Duce: . . . in Portland, the girls get naked . . . the guys get naked . . . one of our roadies was fucking one of those naked chicks . . . I love Milwaukee though with those 64 ounces plus one night I got two blow jobs . . . in one night . . .

Dom: Listen, Duce . . .

Duce: Yeah, keep in touch. We'll be in D.C. before you know it. Oh, look at that guy, he's getting killed in the ring. Guys you should see this. The guy got knocked down three times in the first round. He's taking a hell of a pounding. Oh, shit. Now his pants are falling down. He's getting beat so bad his pants are falling down. Look you can see his ass. He's getting his ass kicked and you can see his ass. Ah hah hah hah hah . . . Ummmmmmmmmmrrp (Click)

And so that was that. Jim slapped some cold water on his face, got Steve to his feet and with a nod to my wife and me staggered out into the cold December suburban Washington night. We would have liked to talk to Duce some more but it was obvious that he was more interested in the fights than in talking to us. But who could blame him. Steve and I were slurring our words so badly we were virtually unintelligible and Jim had long since run out of questions. I would have hung up on us too. Looking back on our transcribed conversation - and it took me hours to transcribe the "conversation" with Duce - I realize that with both Scum and El Duce, we really hadn't talked about the music at all. Hell, we hadn't really talked about anything when you got right down to it. But hey, that's rock 'n' roll. And besides if you wanted to read an interview in which a band droned on and on about their music or about something, you'd be holding *Maximum Rock 'N' Roll* in your hands and not *Brutarian* wouldn't you?

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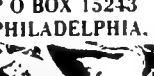
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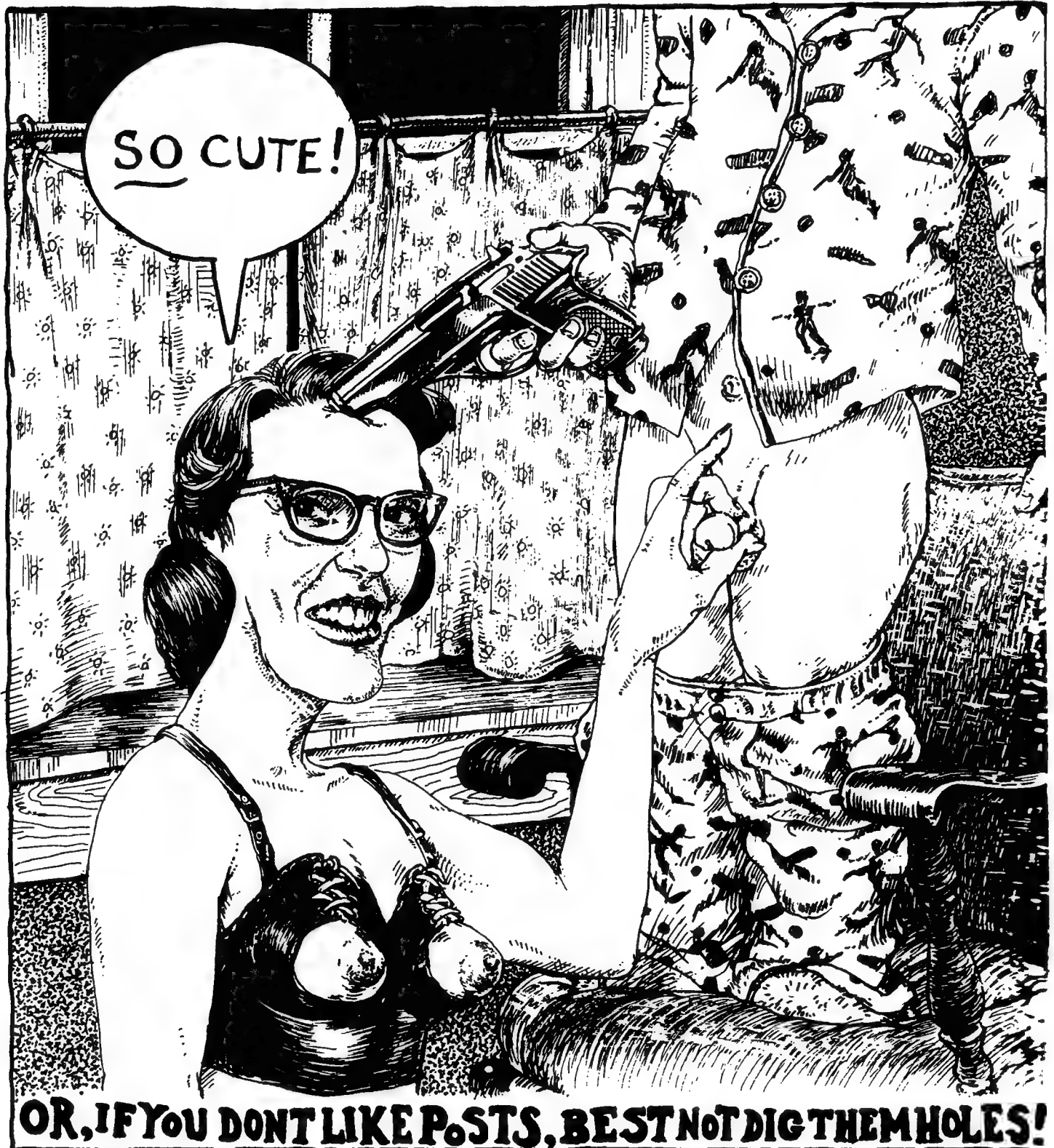


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BARNYARD BABES!

THUS I REFUTE MOMMY



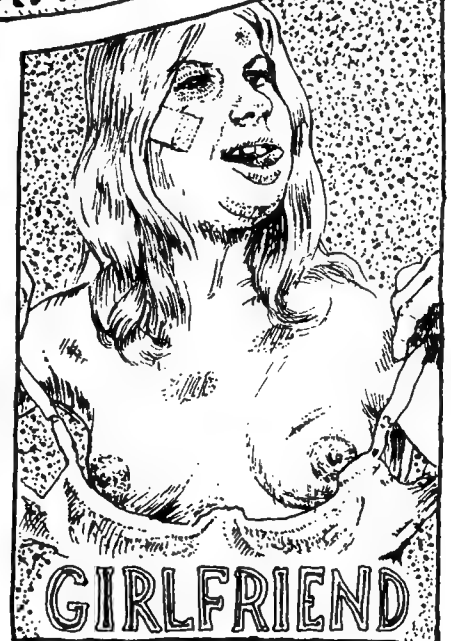
OR, IF YOU DONT LIKE POSTS, BEST NOT DIG THEM HOLES!

MOMMY, MOMMY, MOMMY!!
GOD THE VERY SOUND OF THE
WORD MAKES ANY REAL MAN
WANNA PUKE! HEY, YOU'RE
A BIG BOY NOW! AIN'T IT
TIME YOU PUT AWAY
CHILDISH THINGS?

SURE, IT WAS OK WHEN SHE HUMBLY
ACCEPTED HER GOD-GIVEN ROLE AS
YOUR FIRST MATERIAL POSSESSION,
A GREAT TUMID SACK, ENGORGED
WITH LIQUID NURTURE!

BUT WHY
TOLERATE THIS
USURPING TERMAGANT,
INTENT ON SUBVERTING
YOUR MASCULINITY BY
CLAIMING EQUAL AUTHENTICITY
FOR HERSELF AND BY EXTENSION
THAT LOATHSOME PARADE OF
WHORES IT'S YOUR BIRTHRIGHT
TO OBJECTIFY, TERRORIZE
AND DOMINATE?

THEY GO BY MANY NAMES!!



BUT MAKE
NO MISTAKE
BUDDYBOY,
THEY'RE ALL
CHattel
FOR YOUR
PLEASURE



WADDAYA MEAN YOU DONT WANT ANY PART OF THIS "IDEOLOGY OF VIOLENT PARASITISM"? HEY - THAT 'SENSITIVITY' CRAP IS OK FOR THE "BARNEY THE DINOSAUR CROWD, BUT I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU PAL - YOUR TESTICLES HAVE DROPPED! YOU WANT THE GUYS TO THINK YOU'RE ANANCY-BOY? A SISSY-MARY? A FAG? OF COURSE NOT!!

WHAT "MORAL RESERVATIONS"? HEY FORGET ABOUT IT! SURE IT LOOKS LIKE A DAUNTING PATH FRAUGHT WITH PERFORMANCE ANXIETIES AND THE PERILS OF RESPONSIBILITY, BUT RELAX! WE'VE SPENT CENTURIES PERFECTING AN INTRICATE SYSTEM OF SUPPORTS GUARANTEED TO MAKE DOMINION OVER THE WEAKER SEX AS "EASY AS PIE"!



I TAKE, THEREFORE I AM.
I AM, THEREFORE I TAKE.

1ST YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN THE MANLY CREDO!

THEN A FEW SIMPLE OBJECT LESSONS!

USE YOUR SUPERIOR STRENGTH TO CONTROL THE WEAK! TERROR IS FUN! HAVE A BALL!

WE'VE DEVELOPED A LANGUAGE IDEAL FOR SELF-CONGRATU-LATORY OVERSIMPLIFICATION!

HEH HEH.

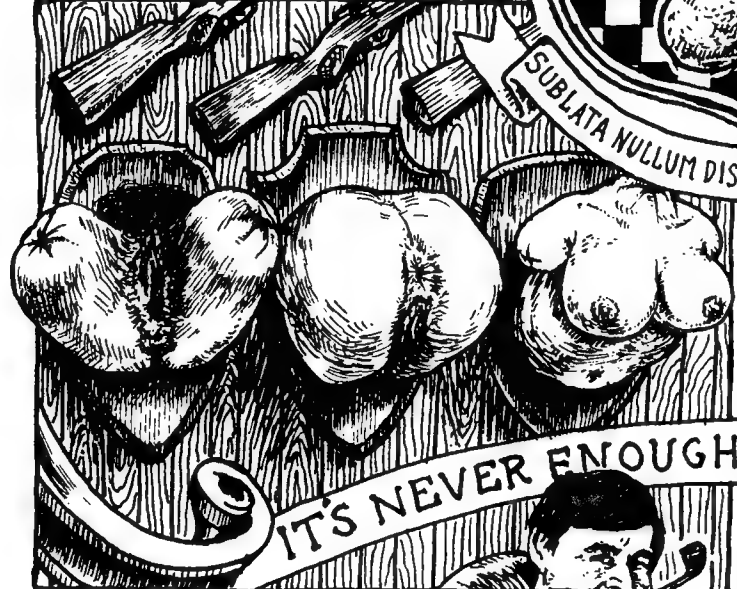


BIOLOGY OR ACULTURATION? WHO CARES, AS LONG AS IT GETS YOU WHAT YOU WANT?!

THERE'S PLENTY OF GAME IN THE WOODS, BUDDY BOY! C'MON OUT AND BAG YOUR LIMIT!!!



OK, SO THERE ARE A FEW UPITY BITCHES RAKING IN THE LONG GREEN, BUT DONT SWEAT IT! YOUR AVERAGE COLLEGE-EDUCATED SKIRT EARNS LESS THAN A FELLA WITH AN 8TH GRADE EDUCATION!!



IT'S NEVER ENOUGH UNTIL IT'S TOO MUCH.

THAT'S NOT YOU, YOU SAY? YOU COULD NEVER BE THAT NEFARIOUS NARCISSUS SLOGGING ABOUT IN A MALODOROUS MIRE OF MISOGyny, MENDACITY AND MALFEASANCE? YOU'RE SENSITIVE, CARING AND POLITICALLY CORRECT? SNAP OUT OF IT, SHITHEEL! THAT ANNUAL CONTRIBUTION TO AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL WON'T BUY YOU SALVATION!



YOUR SELF-AGGRANDIZING PUBLIC PHILANTHROPY AMOUNTS TO NOTHING! IT'S YOUR PERSONAL LIFE THAT CONSTITUTES YOUR POLITICAL VOICE! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

DESPITE THE ABSENCE OF ANY CONCRETE THREAT TO YOUR PERSON, YOU ABHOR HOMOSEXUALS AND THEIR ACTS, OUTRAGED THAT ANY 'MAN' WOULD, BY EMBRACING SEXUAL SUBJUGATION, DARE TO BREAK THE SACRED COVENANT OF UNILATERAL MALE DOMINANCE!!



YOU CYNICALLY ATTRIBUTE TO WOMEN A SPECIOUS INNATE SUPERIORITY IN ORDER TO JUSTIFY COUNTLESS CRIMES AGAINST THEIR MINDS, BODIES, AND SPIRITS!

HAIL WOMAN, FULL OF INTUITION! BLESSED ART THOU AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB!



IN LOVE OR INDIFFERENT, YOU GROPE AND REEL FROM ONE ASSAILABLE FEMALE OBJECT TO THE NEXT, HACKING YOUR WAY THROUGH A FLESHY THICKET, DESPERATE FOR MOVEMENT, LEST STASIS ROB YOU OF THE ILLUSION OF PROGRESS AND GAIN!



YOUR MASCULINE DIGNITY AND HEROISM REMAIN UNTARNISHED DESPITE EPISODES OF PROFLIGACY, COWARDICE AND ABUSE; BUT A WOMAN IS INSTANTLY TRANSFORMED BY SIMILAR ACTION INTO A MALIGNANT HARPY RAGING AGAINST ALL THAT IS GOOD & DECENT!

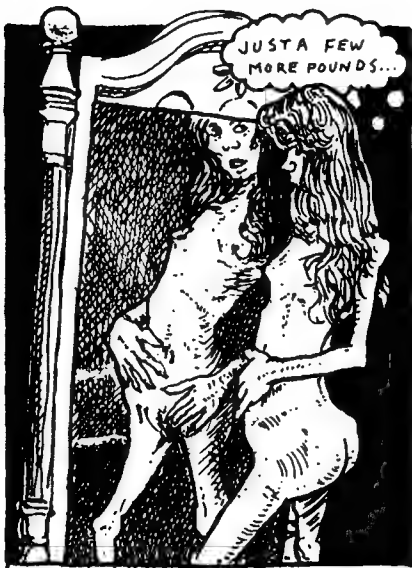


EVEN YOUR ESPOUSAL OF FEMINIST CAUSES REEKS OF PATRONAGE AND MOLIFICATION!

THE ISSUE IS CONTROL OF OUR OWN BODIES AS WOMEN AND THE END OF PECUNIARY DEPENDENCE ON MEN. IT IS OF COURSE.

OH, ABSOLUTELY.





BLUDGEONED INTO SUBMISSION, MANY WOMEN LIVE AS A REFLECTION OF MALE APPETITE, TORTURING THEIR BODIES IN A DEMENTED QUEST FOR ULTIMATE DESIRABILITY!

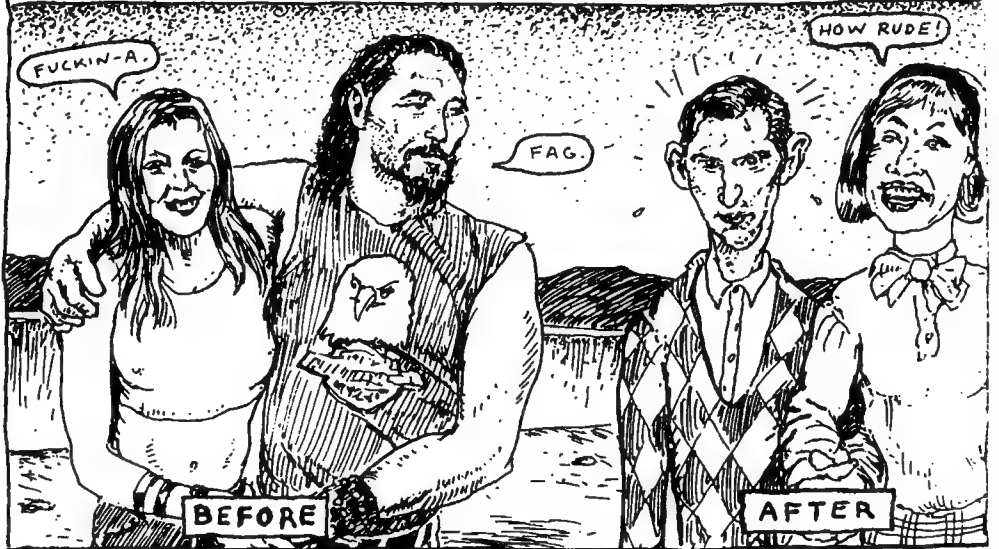
OF COURSE, ONCE CONQUERED, YOU'RE NO LONGER A MAN, BUT A SAFE, COMFORTABLE CELL FROM WHICH SHE CAN DREAM OF DANGER!!!



THE COWARDS TAKE REFUGE IN BIZARRE RELIGIOUS SECTS IN A VAIN EFFORT TO NEGATE THEIR SEXUALITY, ONLY TO FIND THEMSELVES INDENTURED TO A HIDEOUS ORGAN OF BRUTAL MASS DECEPTION & REPRESSION!



IS IT ANY WONDER THAT, TWISTED BY RESENTMENT, STARVED FOR SELF-DETERMINATION, MOST WOMEN CHOOSE THEIR PREY FROM AMONG THE MORE "CIVILIZED" MALES, BREAKING THEM DOWN THRU A PROGRAM OF DISCREET PROVOCATIONS AND PASSIVE AGGRESSION UNTIL THEY'RE RENDERED HARMLESS?

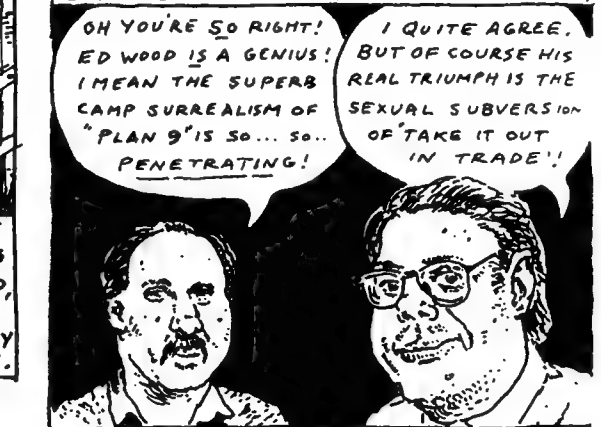


OH, YOU CAN STRADDLE THE FENCE, RETAINING VESTIGES OF YOUR DEFLATED MANHOOD, WHILE "PRETENDING" TO AQUIESCE, BUT THIS STRATEGY HAS ITS OWN DRAWBACKS.

OTHERS TAKE REFUGE IN THEIR "WORK", CLAIMING SOME GRANDIOSE TRANSCENDENTAL PURPOSE BEHIND THEIR ONANISTIC REDUCTIVISM!



THOSE WHO ATTEMPT TO PERSONIFY THAT PERILOUS OXYMORON "SENSITIVE MALE" INVARIABLY SUFFER IGNOMINY! SOME BECOME TRAPPED IN PERPETUAL ADOLESCENCE, CONFUSING THE PLAYGROUND WITH THE REAL CIRCUS OF POWER!



MOST HIDE AWAY THEIR QUASHED DREAMS OF MASCULINE ASCENDANCY, LIVING LIVES OF DESPERATE QUIESCENCE

SO YOU'RE DIFFERENT? YOU'RE DETERMINED TO BUILD A "RELATIONSHIP" FOUNDED UPON SELF-FULFILMENT, MUTUAL RESPECT, POSITIVE INTERACTION AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF SHARING AND CARING? WELL HUGGY-FUCKIN'- BEARS YOU SAD SACK OF SHIT! DONT YOU GET IT ??! YOU'RE SINS ARE INEXPIABLE!



SLOWLY THE PHALOCRACY YOU RESOLUTELY REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE TURNS THE SCREWS, CRUSHING YOUR TINY TENDER DREAMS, REDUCING YOU TO A STATE OF CONSTANT PANIC; YOU'RE JUST NOT BIG ENOUGH, GOOD ENOUGH, MAN ENOUGH, AND ALL THE TIME THAT INSATIABLE SUCCUBUS IS GNAWING AT YOUR BOWELS, RAVENOUS FOR ATTENTION AND AFFIRMATION, ALWAYS DEMANDING MORE, MORE, MORE!!



MORE? MORE? CANT YOU SEE THERE'S NOTHING LEFT?! YOU... YOU WANT ME TO "OPEN UP"?! OH.. OH... OK "HONEY"! FEAST YOUR EYES! GO ON, HAVE A GOOD LONG LOOK!!



REMEMBER
FELLAS,
WHERE YOU
COME FROM
IS GONE,
WHERE YOU'RE
GOING NEVER
EXISTED,
AND
WHERE YOU
ARE IS
WORTHLESS
UNLESS
YOU CAN
ESCAPE
IT!
ENJOY!

MS.

Sally

"The cunt is a spatial puzzle. Negative space on the inside, unless it's occupied. Different shape on the outside, depending on which way you point it."

Greetings, non-exploitational bestiality fans. We're ready to move on to the next phase after *Sex With Animals*, and that's *Sex With Humans*. (Next is, no joke, sex with machines.) Sex, what a beautiful theme. My favorite subject, the most fabulous appreciation of God's love of mankind. For me it's just a way of saying howdy, or getting to sleep after drinking espresso all day long, but we'll get to that later. Oh, hold still. This won't hurt.

Yeah, but it may pinch a little. You can't fish around for your car keys in there and, you know, drive out. The cunt is a spatial puzzle. Negative space on the inside, unless it's occupied. Different shape on the outside, depending on which way you point it. King Floyd probably recorded "Diamond in the Back" after seeing his naked girlfriend reclining like Cleopatra, hindsides-to. Maybe we're really ruling, after all.

Sexuality (i.e., fucking, and women's inability to make it into the sacrament that men think it oughta be) is being bruited about in downtown bars in the guise of some literary quest. Come on, boys. There's no female Caravaggio because there's no female Jack the Ripper? If you want to bring up Camille Paglia you're going to have to come up with something that makes a little sense. Is there a male Mae West? A male goddamn Little Egypt? There's not even a male Irish McCalla. There is, however, a female Jack the Ripper. (And Caravaggio too). They're both me. All you have to do (my poor boyfriend found out the hard way) is give me some champagne. Half a bottle will do it. Then I become my true self: a fascinating amalgam of literary critic, cycle slut, and one of those people who cut out tourists' tongues in Paul Bowles' short stories. Honest. Hostile. You gonna get in the way of the expression of my anger?

Fury is supposed to be powerful, alluring. Not enough people I'm into know how to make it look good. And chasing sexual liberation is getting time-consuming, though it would help it if Wildgirl did Go-Go-Rama more than once a year. Now I'm looking for shortcuts, and that's how I happened on that Paglia chick in the first place. (Actually, I had her for a Lit class at Bennington. She wore tan Frye Jet Wellington boots and had a Forest Hills accent.) Camille is the hot topic of every writer and artist party all over the East Coast. The guys are particularly in love with her. Now I'm not saying she's not an intellectual blast of cold air in the stuffy anteroom of society, but don't you get a little whiff of "This'll put the bitches in their places!" from your brainy boy-pals? My friend Jimmy is real fond of saying, "Camille's right. Some chick has five margaritas at a Psi U. party, goes upstairs with one or two of the brothers, cries rape; it's bullshit. People have to stop denying the power of sex." Remind me not to be alone with him while I'm drunk.

Nobody is really too sure what Camille is saying. The thing is, what are we saying? Everybody has their favorite Paglia soundbite: just take a good look at who quotes what. I bet you that people who snicker approv-

Sex With

PERFECT

Eckhoff

ingly at "if women ran the world, we'd still be living in grass huts" rent overpriced but shabby apartments and think history will record their true worth. The only people I know about who *aren't* living in grass huts got Schwartzkopf's book for Christmas, not *Art And Culture*.

Oh, calm down. Figuring out a way to get my repressed, overeducated friends to think their way to more exciting sex was a nice touch, and I'm glad there are more guys out there who would admit to wanting to see their babes in steel brassieres. But what is really going to happen after all this soul-searching and amateur bondage? Nothing on a national level. By the time we figure it all out, we'll be much too old to feel beautiful, to feel . . . loose. Is sex ever going to be more presentable than it is? Can we fumigate our souls? Now you're getting it. The best you will ever do is wear your life once while it's shrinking by. But there are actions you can take in the meantime. Women, it is said, could start by acting less like men. You know, stop not being able to play electric guitar, stop having those cramps that make you moody and cry a lot, that kind of thing. Sew more buttons. Have more orgasms. No, fewer. Look more beautiful. Be less preoccupied with fat. Be tougher. But less emasculating. How the fuck does Camille think Madonna got looking the way she does, anyway? Lifting weights, boxing, screaming at her manager? Endorphins, baby. Guy stuff. Girlfriend does not lie around on a Land's End duvet cover eating Ben and Jerry Peace Pops.

Nudity works in a pinch when nobody's listening, though. Try it when you're losing an argument with a guy who's romping all over your case just because he can. Yank down the front of your dress and bra and bare your breast. Peace, guaranteed. Figureheads on 19th century ships were all ladies with their bosom exposed to the elements. Your fun fact for today is that for ages, sailors have believed that you should never go to sea with a redhead, a virgin, or a minister, and that Neptune is soothed by the plain sight of a good rack. And of course, you should always believe what a sailor tells you, especially if he's talking about breasts.

All this exposure making you feel delicate? It does me, but then I am the person the fairy tale "The Princess And The Pea" was written about. I should be a forensic detective the way my skin picks up imprints. I had a hard way to go, my dears, until I found a lover who likes to shave. Raw thighs. Ruddy cheeks like a fucking Currier and Ives print. And let me tell you about the clit: it's like your eyeball. Got that? Your eyeball. Get out of here. Stick your finger in it and rub.

More! Ow! More! Ow! That's how I get off. The only thing that will never, never make you recoil is water. The pussy will not toughen up with use the way your feet will after playing Capture The Flag barefoot all summer. This is fine. You can't spend your life on your back. Get up, take a shower, have a cup of coffee while you're in there, go get your mail, walk around outside all tough and surly. Things'll get better I promise.

**"And let
me tell
you
about
the clit:
it's like
your
eyeball.
Got that?
Your
eyeball.
Get out
of here.
Stick
your
finger in
it and
rub."**

Humans



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SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO™

ON MANOR'S MIND

Stately Wayne Manor

Here we are within spitting distance of the White House yet not a single press pass to the inauguration circus reached the *Brutarian* office. Disgraceful!

Don't you just love how - as in the case of Live Aid - corporate rock stars suddenly became "politically aware" when they learned the inaugural bashes were going to be televised? The huge national exposure and its effect on record sales probably never even crossed their minds. Naw, even though the V.P.'s blushing bride personifies oppressive album censorship, the rockers were there simply to express their joy over the election of a new regime.

Will those who believe the last two sentences raise your right hand? Now, note the distance between your thumb-nail and the ground. That's how high your feet should be dangling when you're hanged from the nearest tall tree.

Since we're talking tunes, I'll take this moment to pose a musical question to "classic rock" (ha, ha, that's a good one) DJs: Are you aware that Lou Reed made recordings besides "Take A Walk On The Wild Side"? While you're fumbling for alibis, perhaps you can explain why The Stooges, Velvet Underground, New York Dolls, Sex Pistols and pre-Siren Roxy Music - to name just a few bands infinitely more influential than Fleetenemawood Mac - have *never* been on your play list.

What's labeled "classic"? E.L.O., B.T.O., B.O., B.M., and all those other groups that became initials. Bands named after locations (Kansas, Boston, Chicago, et al.). Sammy Hagar whining "I Don't Want To Drive 55." (Ooh, the "controversial" speed limit restriction. Of all the ills in the world that's certainly a noble cause celebre - if you're a spoiled California crybaby.) Tom "First I'll Bet My Expensive Lawyers To Sue The Cool Heartbreakers Out Of Their Name, Then I'll Spend The Rest Of My Life Striking This 'Holding A Guitar' Pose Every Time A Camera Is Pointed At Me" Petty. Stewardess, pass me another ear-sick bag.

As much as I knock those on the classic rock play list, there is in fact a more dreaded musical phenomenon, one so horrific it would frighten Poe. Those who scare easily are advised to skip the next three paragraphs.

Recently, I was looking through an album catalog wondering what could possibly top the Clash's "The Only Band That Matters" sleeve sticker for self-aggrandizement and pretentiousness. That's when I discovered Jimmy "Pure Poop For Nowhere People" Buffet actually had the brass to name an album "Songs You Know By Heart." Not presuming TOO much, are we, Jimbo?

The scary part is that Buffet *does* have a huge following of upper middle-class honkies who idolize him with Jim Jones-like devotion. These self-proclaimed "parrot heads" (although "pinheads" would be more appropriate) drive practical cars from their corporate offices home to Stepford, slip off the white collars, put on Hawaiian shirts, melt into the sofa to a few Buff tunes and prepare for a wild night watching network TV. Occasionally, they may

even be naughty enough to take a puff or two of marijuana. Ooooh, what outlaws!

Like their smelly Deadhead brethren, "parrot heads" picture themselves as non-conformists, all the while taking great pains to toe the party line. As such, they would be more productive serving as human speed bumps.

EXTRAORDINARY INSIGHT: Hey, Sally Struthers, if all those Catholic kids you're always whining about are starving, why don't you just talk the Pope into taking them to Burger King? (By the way, toots, it doesn't look like you have missed any hot fudge sundaes lately.) Readers, don't you wish these famine victims would quit their bellyaching? . . . Next time you're tsk-tsked for being cynical, ask the accuser to compare the number of people who did something constructive with their money to those who bought the Ray Stevens' video feverishly hawked on TV all winter. Sing it: Everything is pitiful/In its own way." . . . Don't get mad, get even with people who use tired expressions . . . Because a steer is a castrated bull, it sure makes you wonder what went into the meat patties at Steer Inn . . . When I see movie scenes where cowboys roll into a western town after riding their horses behind a herd of cattle for three weeks, one thought always crosses my mind - Christ, those guys must really REEK!!! . . . If "he who hesitates is lost" but "only fools rush in," what options are left?

HUBBA HUBBA HONEYS: Although I am aesthetically pleasing, I still tune in to ESPN's *Body Shaping* (9:30 a.m. and 12:30 p.m. EST, weekdays.) Do I do so to pick up on the latest aerobic and training techniques? Hell, no, I'm checking out the chickadees! (Ladies, there are a couple hunkish guys on the show, too.)

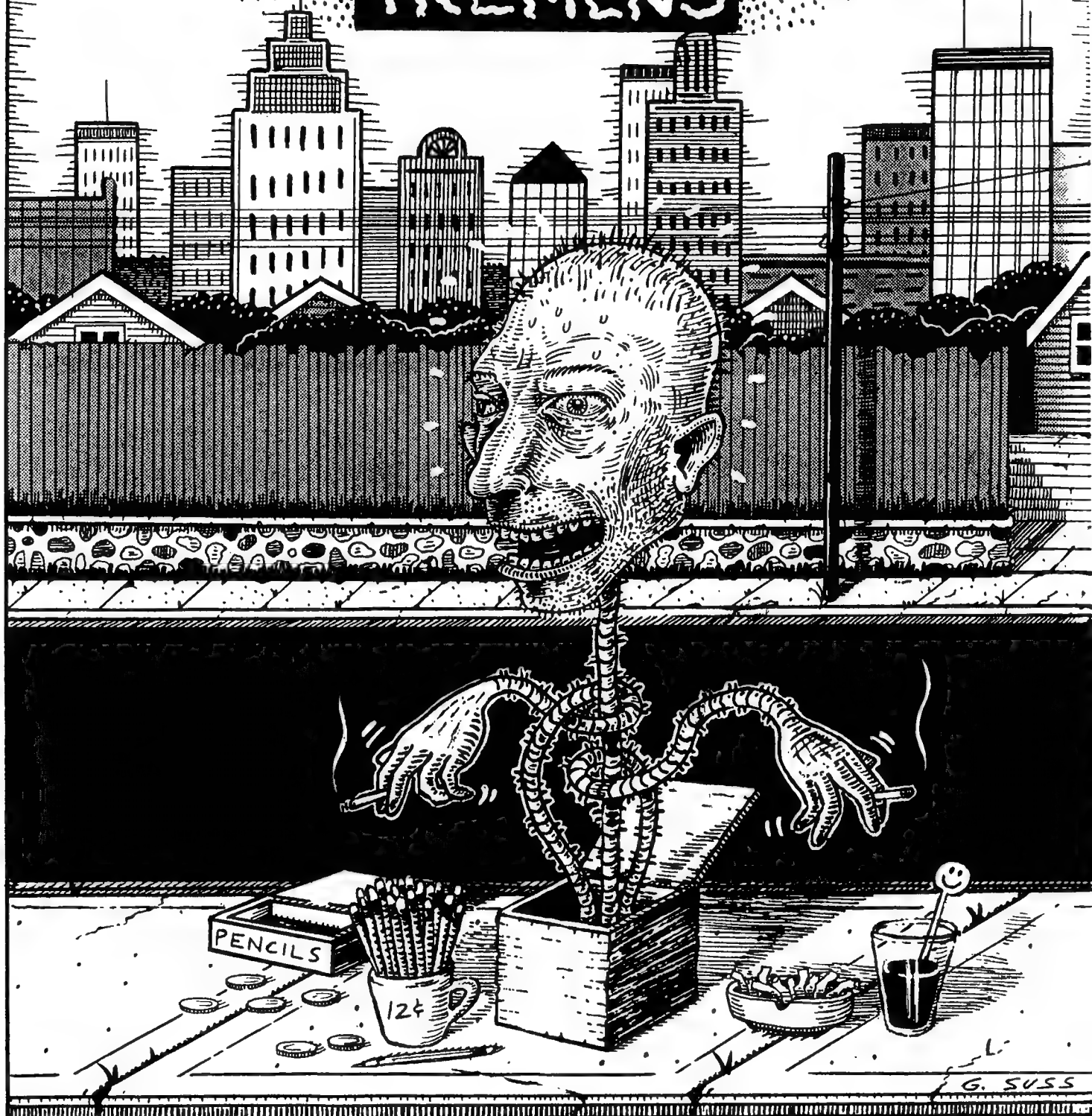
During its original run *Body Shaping* was hosted by Corey Everson, a top-ranking femme bodybuilder who positively contradicted the popular misconception that competition-level musclebabes don't have the physical features the average man considers attractive. Simply put, Corey is a true drool-inducer.

Charismatic Corey performed her outdoor workout - the show is taped just off the beach in Hawaii - with one or two not-too-shabby-themselves partners. When Ms. Everson left the program the producers opted for a slight format change, going with a larger cast, none of whom would be the singular star. In a brilliant casting decision, tomboys, butch numbers and rah-rah types were passed over in favor of bra-cups-runneth-over, bubble-bunned W-O-M-E-N.

Watching these breathtaking beauties smile and groan as they bend, stretch and twist their supple bodies in a manner that is at once healthy and provocative . . . I swear, these gorgeous gals are so inspirational there are times I almost want to get out of bed and actually *do the exercises*. Almost.

DELIRIUM

TREMENS



YES, ALCOHOL CONSUMPTION IS A NATIONAL PASSION. IT FLOWS FREELY, FROM THE TINKLING OF COCKTAIL GLASSES IN THE PENTHOUSE...

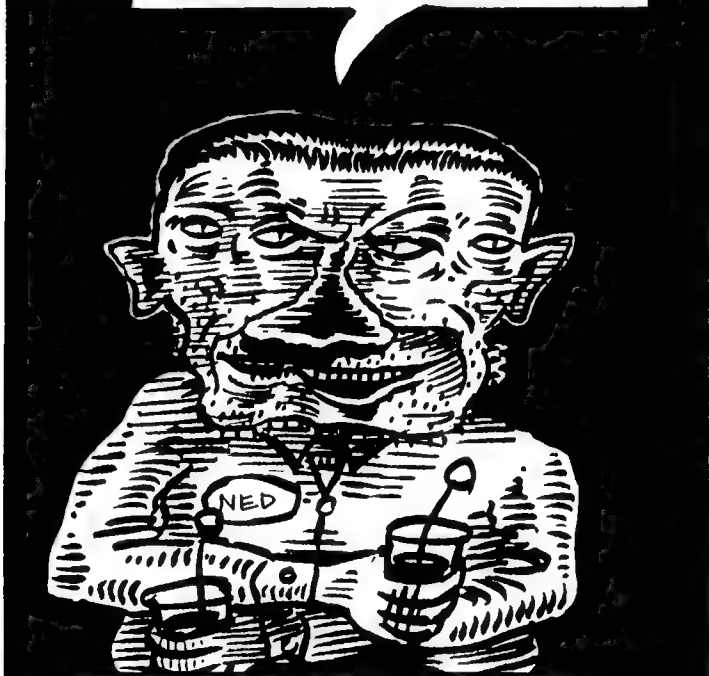


...TO THE "GINMILLS" AND GUTTERS OF OUR URBAN MIASMA. OH SURE, DRINKING CAN BE FUN AND CARE-FREE. BUT REAL DRINKERS KNOW THAT....

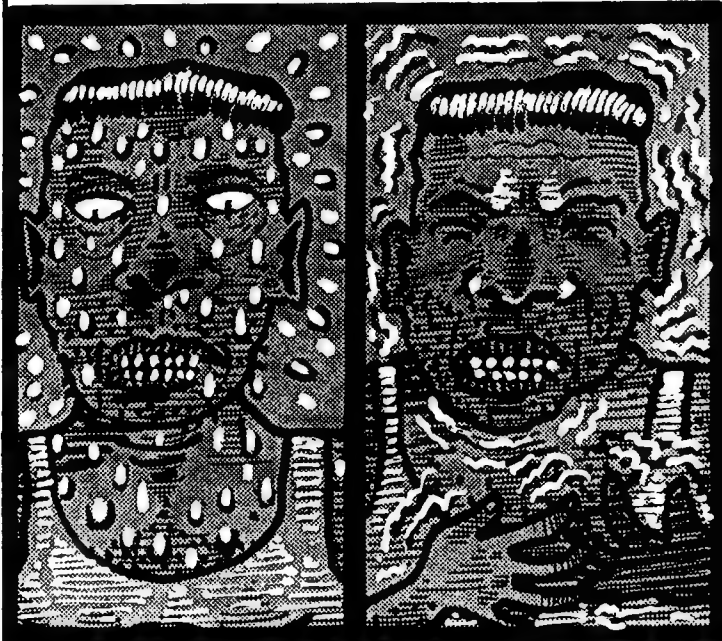


...BOOZE IS THE CURE-ALL FOR ANY AND ALL PROBLEMS

I GOT FIRED TODAY!
HAW HAW HAW. I LOVE IT!



THERE'S ONLY ONE DRAWBACK. IF YOU TRY TO STOP DRINKING, BAD THINGS START HAPPENING. THINGS LIKE: "SWEATS" "SHAKES"



AND WORSE. OH YES, MUCH, MUCH WORSE....



MY ONLY ADVICE: FOR YOUR SAFETY, AS WELL AS THAT OF OTHERS, NEVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, ATTEMPT TO STOP DRINKING. THANK YOU.



Keith Brewer (kb) - Brian DiPlacido (bd)

Steve Jeffries (sj) - Jim Kirkland (jk)

Joe Kolb (jko) - Aaron Lee (al) - Dom Salemi (ds)

■ **The Best of James Bond - 30th Anniversary Limited Edition:** The BIGGEST Bond of all! It's all here. A veritable Stonehenge of British pop pettifoggery. The John Barry orchestra twangs the patented "James Bond Theme" in all its suave, masculine glory. Basso profundo Shirley Bassey delivers the kiss of death from Mr. Goldfinger, Anthony Newley contributing a fey interpretation of the same. Sultry Nancy Sinatra, the "Something Stupid" girl, warbles a woody-inducing version of "You Only Live Twice," heedless of her many dental problems. On the downside, Sheena Easton, Paul McCartney, Carly Simon and a-Ha drip material that any tasteful producer would have given the surrealistically pert Petula Clarke or the hypermasculine, perpetually moist Tom Jones. Despite these lapses in taste, this is still a monumental addition to the Western musical canon - a majestic symbol of the continuing relevance of the once mighty British empire. (EMI) sj, ds & jk

■ **Wipers - Is This Real?:** Yeah, no question about it, Greg Sage and his Wipers could definitely dance with the big boys. Jimmy, the Ig, Lou, they don't have to take a back seat to any of them. Especially not that so-called "band of the eighties," Husker Du. No. *This* was the band of the eighties and *this* was their phenomenal debut album (with the incendiary Alien Boy EP added as a bonus) and it's now available for the first time on CD. Believe me, it's the highest of hard rock octane: two to three minute blasts of venom and raging introspection built on a foundation of robust chunka chunka rhythms, a beat capable of being replicated by only the most red-blooded of American men. Most of the LP just ROARS, Sage's muscular, probing guitar work and contemptuous singing serving to highlight his impassioned songs of betrayal, bewilderment and anger. I only heard a couple of pieces of vinyl in the eighties that were better than this and most of 'em were by the Wipers. We can only pray that SubPop releases the rest of this seminal band's back catalog. And the Greg Sage solo albums. (SubPop) ds

■ **Deicide - Amon: Feasting The Beast:** We gave this cassette to Randy "Macho Man" Savage and here's what he had to say about it: "Death Metal?" (Sound of a cassette case being chewed and spat out.) "Gotta have SPICE! Gotta have BEEF! Gotta have BLOOD with this stuff! Oh YEAH! These guys are the real thing daddy. YEAH! Up-side down crosses branded on their heads.. UH HUH! Build-ings blow up when they play. I LIKE that. YEAH! No melody. Don't NEED melody. YEAH! Want those guttural GROWLS, those twin guitars BUZZnnnnn like the inside of a hornets nest. YEAH! In other words, MANLY, MACHO muZAK for people like ME. People who aren't AFRAID to dance with Mr. D now and then. You got THAT? You GOT THAT?? GOOD!" (Roadrunner) ds

■ **The Troggs - Archeology (1966-1976) and Various Artists - Groin Thunder:** I give up on tribute records. You take a primal, ugly fuckin' band of teabags like the Troggs, turn them over to the modern masters of three-chord slop (Antiseen, Devil Dogs, Dwarves, Mummies, Headcoats, etc.), put a full color Peter Bagge cover on it, and I'm *still* not satisfied. It's cool, it's worth the ten bucks, and I'll probably never listen to it again. I'm too busy keeping up on the "retro" scene's current output and listening to the Troggs' Archeology.

Stretching things over three CDs results in a good amount of filler on this budget box set. Which is unforgivable considering the overlooked Trogg gems (How could you leave off "Gonna Make You"? No cuts from their impossibly raw 'n scarce live LP?). However, there's at least an hour of the loudest, most obscene primitive punk a major label ever accidentally leaked out ("Come Now," "From Home," "66-54321," "Strange Movies"). There's also a bonus disc of the Legendary Troggs' Tapes, half an hour of Reg and the boys studio bickering. "Real" musicians like Eric Clapton thought this unauthorized recording was a real hoot (so uncouth and working class to say "fuck" so much). In '93 it kinda sounds like dinner table discussion at my Mom and Pop's (and pales next to the Red tapes). My other whine is the anal re-

tentive CD bitch you're so sick of. the mix is thin, it's like they pushed the guitars back, etc. The performance is so hot though you probably won't notice. (Fontana/Dog Meat) al

■ **The New Bomb Turks - Destroy-O-Boy:** One of the few non-heavy metal bands confused enough by our promoter's lies and chicanery to pay us to play on our meticulously planned coast-to-coast Brutarian "audience" tour. The New Bomb Turks performed a really fast, punky set that included a boss cover of Wire fave "Mr. Suit" while we wore cool clothes, drank a lot, broke furniture, yelled obscenities, tried to get each others phone numbers and pretty much ignored the band completely. The high point of the tour came after the gig when the Turks shoplifted *more* stuff than we did at the Fourth and Welch Carryout and then hid in the nearby bushes to throw empty beer bottles at cars. (Crypt) sj

■ **The Night Kings - Increasing Our High:** Also among the duped, the Night Kings cranked out three hours of cool, ultra-crass customized 60s punk, enthralled by our vomiting, blatant vandalism, petty theft, relentless ingestion of cough syrup in lieu of expensive rail drinks, and, most particularly, the clever way we used M-80s to flood the bathroom. Later we heard that the Knight Kings were annoyed because we wouldn't let them into the dressing room to change before the gig. Apparently they had to change in public. Hey, we had our own problems. There was barely enough room for our exotic spread of brie, zwieback and blood sausage in that closet. (Sub Pop) sj

■ **Various - At Death's Door II:** Volume One was so indescribably heavy that the record company couldn't afford to pay the postage to send it to me! This one's pretty heavy too: a fairly boss intro to the death metal genre much of which sounds like this: BUDADUMABUDADUMABUDADU-MADUMMM. With a guy growling like this: GRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOR. GRORGAGRORGA-GRAAAA. GRALGROK. SATANGODDIE! Matamoros Mexico drug dealers and ritual killers, Brujeria are the scariest, Gorguts are pretty scary and Skin Chamber is scary AND scintillating AND has the best moniker except for DEATH who aren't THAT scary but who do perform a killer version of Kiss' "God of Thunder." All in all: a real, motherfucking skullfuck! (Roadrunner) ds

■ **The Country Rockers - Free Range Chicken:** Christ what I wouldn't give to hear *any* song from this album on the local country station instead of the latest pop crossover dogshit. Free Range is superbly played country & rockabilly by three beer guts who certainly seem to have a great deal of familiarity with the aforesaid genres. Whether they're ruining a woman's life ("The Image of Me"), saving a woman's soul ("Barrooms to Bedrooms"), lamenting a woman lost ("My Happiness"), drinking 'cause a woman's got 'em down ("Drivin' Nails in My Coffin"), or simply getting drunk ("There Stands a Glass"), it's pretty durned hard to find fault with their writing, arrangement, or delivery. Could have done without their piss-take on "Wipe-Out," I suppose, but even it has its charms (the drumming). If you like country grab this & enjoy, if you don't keep buying those Hammerbox records and congratulating yourself. (Telstar) bd

■ **Shonen Knife - Let's Knife:** Three Jap chicks who have churned out nearly ten years worth of post-Shaggs precious pop punk (way transcending the scenester in-joke ghetto they've been doomed to in the U.S.). As the *End Times* solidified, it was inevitable that a major label would engulf Naoko, Michie and Atsuko, run them through their greatest non-hits with quasi-Journey "rawk" production, and take shitloads of American currency from disposable income college radio djs. Makes for decent listening although I'd snobbishly insist you buy their still in print back catalog first. Interestingly enough, the two new songs ("Please Please Me" rip "Get The Wow" and Ventures trib "MilkyWay") sound better than any of my old faves. I hope they're the next Beatles, and sociologically speaking, they could be. (Virgin) al

■ **Desultory - Into Eternity:** When cutting high grass in a field last summer, I did the unthinkable . . . ran over a rabbit. Although it was a complete accident, I couldn't help but feel absolutely fucking sick about it. To suffer such a crashing, grinding, ripping, rumbling, unexpected metal death . . . It must've been horrible . . . Listening to Into Eternity had me reliving the entire loathsome experience again and again but I'm sure the boys in Desultory would consider that to be among the highest of compliments. (Metal Blade) bj

■ **Monster Magnet - Super Judge:** And so it was that one night in the town of Shithole in the state of Jersey four brain damaged gas station attendants dreamed the same dream. It was a dream of the world as it was and the four saw that it was not good. On the morrow they did come together to plan how best to tell the people of Jersey of their vision. And it was decided that Monster Magnet was to be their vehicle. Now after much issue on small labels and many sojourns in forgotten hamlets, word came to Herb Alpert, he of the brass trumpet, of the wondrous deeds of these Magnets from Jersey. Therefore he had them brought before him to play and lo, ere the first song was completed, Master Alpert rose up and declaimed in a loud voice, "Men of Jersey, I will gladly forfeit all that I own so that the savage, psychotic sounds of your bluesy, psychedelic hard rock might reach the multitudes." But the quartet was sore afraid and they did prostrate themselves before the man from Tijuana and with loud cries answered thusly, "O great swinger from the horns of the lonely bull, you who have given us whipped cream and other delights, we are unworthy of your beneficence for we have not yet learned to play louder than God." But Herb of the Horn, smiling, lifted them up and calmed them saying, "You have spoken truly. Blue Cheer were as Gods and you are still young men. But verily, you swing like God's own dick. And for this let us give thanks." (A&M) ds

■ **John Anderson - Seminole Wind:** Kinda-recent country LP that achieves the difficult feat of being quite successful without sucking. The title track is so good that even commercial production and awkward fade-ins/outs can't ruin it. Ditto for "Straight Tequila Night," surely one of the better #1 songs of late. Two cuts mourning the modernization of Dixie ("Look Away" and "Hillbilly Hollywood") work pretty well and Mark Knopfler's contribution ("When It Comes to You") is strong. Anderson doesn't have the richness and depth of voice that most would associate with a good country singer; he works more of a hillbilly axis and does it damn well. He couldn't do my woman, but I *would* put him up for the night. (BMG) bd

■ **Various - Mesomorph Enduros:** Some rock personages' record collections you'd love to peruse on a rainy day. Providing, of course, that you had nothing better to do. Some you wouldn't even if you had all the time in the world on your hands. Morissey? Forget about it, he thinks Herman's Hermits make for better listening than Joy Division. Lou Reed? Maybe ten years ago. Last time I bothered to pay attention to him he was talking about his love for Herbie Hancock. Jim Thirwell? Yeah, definitely but because I didn't feel like traipsing around some attic in Brooklyn I gave him a call and asked him to make me a tape of some of the stuff he's been listening to recently. This is the result. It's kind of rock 'n' roll but I like it. Most of the tracks have that low, ominous guitar rumble you expect to hear in noisy thrash assault bands c.f. Jesus Lizard, Barkmarket. All of the selections read like a challenge from one combo to the other to see who can sound the most accessibly psychotic (Unsane wins but there's a fourteen way tie for second). We also liked the sibilant murmurings of paranoid schizos the Pain Teens, the white noise maelstrom with a good beat of Foetus, the inebriated bellowing lunacy of Drunk Tank, and the exotic fugue state tribalisms of Motherhead Bug. (Big Cat) ds

■ **Crash Worship ADRV - Espontaneol:** Three drummers, one guitarist, two vocalists, and NO synthesizers: the clangor of frenzied and savage post-modern industrial ritual. Melody eschewed so that lithe bodies glistening with sweat might better surrender themselves to the pitiless and barbaric rhythms, so that obscenely twisted mouths might less self-consciously add voice to lupine yawps and inhuman babbling, so that damaged brains might be soothed by fantastic noises and unearthly guitar work. ADRV, the music of gods or devils? One cannot say with any assurance but it has been said that whenever they play there is silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. (Charnel House) ds

■ **Lunachicks - Babysitters On Acid:** L7 minus six: minus melodic sensibility, expensive drug habits, useful rock star boyfriends, grating electra complexes, desperate ploys for AOR appeal and the need for Jayne Russell cross-your-heart bras. Hey, just cuz you dress like hot teen Uncle Floyd power sluts doesn't mean we have to listen to your goddamn band! (Blast First) ds & sj

■ **Pretty Things - Get The Picture:** The Pretty's Get The Picture LP, possibly the coolest overseas influence on the undisputably coolest genre of all times: 60s punk. The first band Brian Epstein wanted to fuck before the Beatles sated his turgid desires. The band Andrew Loog Oldham wanted to svengali before he got stuck with the Stones. The band guitar strumming negro bluesmen sweltering in the delta prayed would cover their songs instead of the Yardbirds. Masters of a world where sneering incompetence and snarling fuzz take a back seat to nothing. Even the indifference of their parents. A mandatory reissue purchase for the Shindig crowd. (Phonogram) sj

■ **The Neptunes - Surfer's Holiday:** Breath-taking, barmitzvah flavored surf primitivism. Distinctively inadequate and, more importantly, spectacularly rare. You'll never, never, ever find a copy. Fact is, we're only reviewing it to arouse the larcenous envy of shaking, neurotic record collector types everywhere, most particularly, the ones who write for KICKS magazine. Therefore, we have taken every

precaution to ensure the safety of its resting place deep in the temperature-controlled, lead-lined Brutarian record vault. There the Neptunes' album, its ridiculously contrived cover featuring a photo of the band steeled aggressively against the cruel "surf" of the weed-choked Staten Island harbor, lies nestled in a bed of plush turquoise velvet, wired to a daunting array of motion sensors, silent alarms, klieg lights and self-sealing doors. Nearby, vicious attack dogs and bloodthirsty ninja sentries lurk in the shadows poised to savage any soul foolhardy enough to assault the record's fortress of doom. Those eluding the aforementioned safeguards are sure to fall victim to one of the many collapsing wall chambers, trap door spike pits and tripwire explosive devices lining the maze-like passageways of the chamber exit or the omniscient, hovering, brain drilling, steel-spiked silver orb which roams the corridors. It is rumored that Miriam and Billy have an even more secure operation for their precious collection of vinyl rarities. That may be so, but we bet your life they'll never, never, ever get their sweaty palms on our priceless Neptunes' treasure. Never, ever, never, never, never... (Family Records) ds & sj

■ **Foreskin 500 - Mustache Ride:** Brazen, blustery boohoos playing brutal power chords at stun volume topped with sounds of idiot chattering girls, chainsaws, sirens, meaningless monologues (one of which is taken from *The Bride of Frankenstein*) and hip, post-modern industrial sounds. Dom said it sounded like a kind of boozy, heavy metal rap but he was overruled by our staff who said it was industrial, a less pretentious version of Ministry only with balls. Our staff also said we should let everyone know about the pointless, sexist provocation in the lyrics. Everyone agreed with Dom that all in all this was inspired, asinine and remarkable. (Boner) ds

■ **Steroid Maximus - Gondwanaland:** Demented, retro-noir sleaze-jazz, psychotic cabaret, middle eastern cartoon music, bombastic bagpipery, Orffish erotostatic hysteria, morbid gothic pomposity, El Salon Mexicordoggerel, caterwauling caliopedic cacophonies... that's right, it's another instrumental collection by Jim "Scraping Wiseblood off the Steroid Maximus" Thirwell. For our money, it embodies all that is essential to this genre: It's repetitive, it's repetitive, it's repetitive and it repeats itself. Buy it, NOW! (Big Cat) ds

■ **Isolrubin BK: Crash Injury Trauma:** Ex-member of the long standing English industrial project Lustmord's first solo outing and what fun it is: an exploration of the sonic qualities of the car crash! J. G. Ballard would find the sounds positively inspirational what with tracks like "Resistance of the human head to crash impact" to "Return to the scene of a severe road traffic accident for detailed investigation of conditions pending reconstructions." And just in case you can't get too much of this stuff, there's an accompanying booklet that contains a reference list of books dealing with the auto accident such as A. Hudson Fattey & A. J. McBay's *Highway Homicides and Suicides*. The soundscapes of Isolrubin are a little like the work he did with Lustmord only a bit harsher. Loops of screeching tires and cars coming together mixed with violent electronics and people detailing their experiences in road wrecks. Recorded live with no overdubs with a warning from the artist that high level headphone monitoring is inadvisable. (Soleilmoon Recordings) kb

■ **John Moran - The Manson Family - An Opera:** Ah, yes. The Pabsts are starting to kick in, The Big Snatch, a mid-sixties Dave Friedman roughie is on the tube, and this "thing" is on my CD player. It's not really an opera. It's kind of an impressionistic (no structure), minimalist (no melodies), meditation (trial transcripts taking the place of a libretto) on Charlie and his idiot brood that's rather creepy in its own quiet, unassuming way (of course this might be the result of the massive ingestion of all those Blue Ribbon brews). Purportedly, Moran's next project is a ballet entitled: Richard Speck: More Pricks Than Kicks. (Polygram) ds

■ **Hawkwind - Palace Springs:** After twenty years and dozens of releases, you'd think Hawkwind would have achieved some musical recognition having unfailingly produced great material for our musically starved world. Following their own flight, Hawkwind has created a spacey brand of rock that soars above planets ignoring the trends of time. Recorded in England and Los Angeles, Palace Springs flawlessly samples the band's live show with Simon House returning to play violin on a couple of tracks. If you've yet to get wind of the Hawks, this CD is a great place to start. (Roadrunner) jko

■ **Smack Dab - Queen Crab:** Childish melodies with nonsense lyrics about things like pickle sitting and dancing uvulas sung by a grown-up woman trying to sound like a little girl. The record company calls this kind of thing an "off-kil-

ter pop sensibility." This is what is known in the business as hedging your bets. We're also informed that this combo has quite a cult following in Manhattan. Who doesn't? (Homestead) ds

■ **Geto Boys - Uncut Dope:** Four or five years ago if you had told me the number one song in the U S of A would be a recording by a black/albino midget combo known for lyrics about corpse fucking and murdering elderly white women taken from an album with a cover that graphically displays said midget with his eyeball blown out of his socket as a result of a failed suicide attempt, well, I would have said you were just engaging in wishful thinking. But come 1992 and there they sat at the top of the charts, grinning their toothless grins and drooling malt liquor on us jealous doubters.

The hit single is "My Mind Playin' Tricks On Me," and it's a monster. Over a mellow, minimal backing track, Willie D., Bushwick Bill and Scarface pour out their most deep-seated insecurities and fears. It's jarring to hear the hardest gangstas obsess over loneliness, religion, suicide and the future. And it's *much* scarier than Morbid Angel. Especially when you realize that more Americans could relate to it than any other song in any given week.

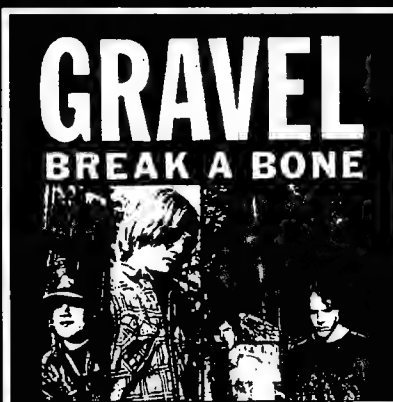
Uncut Dope is a "best of" primer for the gullible masses, plus a few new tracks to pull in the already hep. It opens with an (unintentionally) hilarious faux-phone call assembling the gang like an ebony Charlie's Angels. What follows is nihilistic, funky noise with the addictive, busy sound of old

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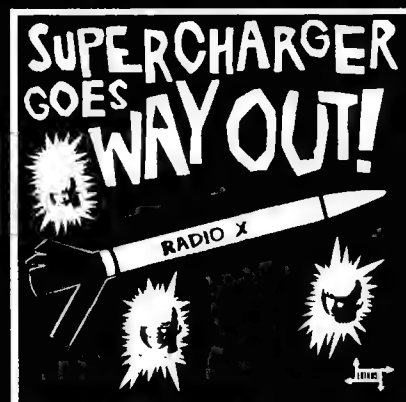
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Def Jam records. Frantic, funny, indefensible stuff you and your friends will be using as catch-phrases for weeks. The new tracks are pretty dull, but brief and offensive (especially "The Unseen," a surprising pro-life testimonial. Even the Geto Boys aren't down with killing babies, and besides, it's all the bitch's fault. First Eazy-E has dinner with George Bush and now this.). A good purchase for the uninitiated, if you can live with the guilt of enjoying such rancid shit. (Rap-A-Lot) al

■ **Various Artists - Passed Normal Volume 5:** Fuck man, FOT has put out yet another classic compilation (they specialize in home taping artists) to spew over. It's got everyone on it: David Thomas, Mother Gong, David Allen, Voodoo Mark, ex-Soft Machinists' Hugh Hopper and Elton Dean, Lol Coxhill and tons more. 21 bands and not a weak track: the perfect musical wet dream. Hey! Why not for once buy something that you'll actually ENJOY repeatedly playing? [Editors' note: When we called Joe and asked him what some of the music on the disc sounded like he murmured, "Kohntarkosz, udu wudu, mekanik destruktiv kommandoh" and then hung up. The first person who can give us a clue as to what this might mean wins a free CD.] (FOT Records, Box 505, Bloomingdale, IL 60108.) jko

■ **Hammerhead - Ethereal Killer:** Voted most likely to succeed . . . in Minneapolis. Yeah, it's Jessie "The Body" Ventura's home town and he claims they're his favorite "high dol-tage" rock band so we almost have to like them. Besides we love power trios especially when they eschew melody and key for speed, dissonance, pointless noise and feedback. And they don't say much which is also good. But when they feel that they must, they shout at the top of their very masculine lungs, the best way, as we all know, to get attention, especially if you can't sing. But men don't "sing," not real men, not men like Jessie "The Body" Ventura. Real men bellow. (Amphetamine Reptile) ds

■ **Samael - Blood Ritual:** The other day I was looking out my front window watching two pre-double-digit boys engage in mock battle play. Wielding large sticks instead of sabres and baseball caps rather than armor, the boys in their chimera likely conjured up visions of gleaming torches, nude virgins, bodies playing with unstable shadows, blades penetrating young flesh - a world of sorrow and of dreams of vengeance. While thus musing, I realized that what I had with Samael's Blood Ritual was the perfect accompaniment for the childish activity outside. (Century Media) bj

■ **Godflesh - Cold World:** Two cuts and two alternate mixes make a great starter for your next ecstasy party. Taking simple, but weighty looped riffs and even simpler, but hypnotic, mid-tempo rhythms, Godflesh trowel o'er them all manner of synth effects, shards of twisted guitar work and metallic samples to construct a magnificent edifice of mechanistic, inconsequential dance throb. By the way, did you know that there's a button on your CD that will cause your disc to play until perpetuity? I didn't and I ended up listening to this thing for over five hours. I wonder what the fade button does? Should somebody write to me first and tell me what *that* does before I fuck up my disc player? (Combat/Earache) ds

■ **Action Swingers - More Fast Numbers:** Ex-Sonic Youth, ex-Pussy Galore, blah blah blah. The Action Swingers are the leading practitioners of aging-scenester-core. Thick, purist punk rock coming on like the Dwarves slowed down a little and cured of Tourette's Syndrome. This brisk, five song CD follows up last week's self-titled debut. Sadly missing from More Fast Numbers is the steamy presence of bass queen, Julia Cafritz. Each song goes pound pound pound BASH BASH, repeat. Worth the price of admission is "Courtney Love," a slow 'n' sleazy tribute to a gonorrhea-wracked Mrs. Cobain, which I'm sure she doesn't find *one bit funny*. It's one song I could stand a video for. Big fun and stupendous live, I'm sure. (Caroline) al

■ **Cosmic Psychos - Go The Hack:** Anthem, antediluvian "power" rock a la The Stooges and other lesser sixties Detroit divinities by way of Australia. That's it. That's all I have to say. Why should I HAVE to say anything else? I mentioned The Stooges and hard rock, what do you want a dissertation? You get ten goddamn songs, they're great and they rock like there's no tomorrow. Now go fuck yourself. (Sub Pop) ds

■ **Sex Pistols - Live At Chelmsford/The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle:** Yes, a band so fabulously sublime that they only needed to release one LP to show everyone that they were the greatest and maybe the only REAL rock combo to come out of Limeyville (until Motorhead that is) and therefore had no need to continue to exist. Chelmsford showcases the Pistols at the peak of their prowess - before Sid Vicious replaced composer and bassist Glen Matlock - playing in front of an unruly mob (with remarkably cheesy faux unruly mob sounds edited in) of convicts in a maximum security prison. The performances are uniformly incendiary aided and abetted by Rotten's constant baiting of his captive humanoid audience: "We're all going to the pub after we leave here. Who's going?" "Why don't you go home if you don't like it then?" Swindle is a hilarious double-LP, now single CD, full of all manner of odds and sods and cheeky bits, probative evidence that even when just fucking around or utilizing someone other than Rotten to sing lead - Steve Jones, Sid Vicious, Ten Pole Tudor or great train robber, Ronnie Biggs - the Pistols had no peer. Highlights? There are nothing but highlights. Here are a few to whet your appetite until you can come up with enough change to buy the disc: a disco medley of the Pistols' greatest hits, a fully orchestrated version of "EMI," a delightfully scabrous rock treatment of an old Irish sea chantey and some audition tapes wherein we are treated to the spectacle of Rotten stumbling his way through "Johnny B. Goode" and "Road Runner," neither of which he knows the words to. (Restless/Virgin) ds

■ **Pond - Pond:** To sleep. Perchance to dream: Pond believes in remaining unconscious for *at least* 11 hours a day. Sleep. That which knits the ravelled sleeve of care. That which hints at epicene sounds smacking of languor, neurasthenia and sang froid. . . . I envisioned Rain Parade jamming with REM . . . and I felt . . . an unnerving frisson. Maintenant, je crois que Pond est un merveilleux neo-psychedelic power trio mais ils ne sont pas effete comme le Rain Parade ou Eleventh Dream Day. Sainte jeunesse, comme l'azur du ciel, les oiseaux et les fleurs, sons parfums, sons chansons et sons douces chaleurs! (Sub Pop) ds

■ **Intermix - Phase Two:** Bill Leeb and Rhys Fulber take a vacation from industrial dance band, Front Line Assembly due to their growing interest in rap to create the "white man's version of gothic funk." First of all, how can you take a vacation from a band when you're the only two members? Secondly, what's "gothic funk" and who are the black men who are playing it? Thirdly, don't even worry about the aforementioned questions. Phase Two is disco (from the Greek *dunskus*: to shift from side to side as if breaking wind), with a little funk on cuts like "Down And Out" and a few of industrial's rough edges on most of the second side but, when all is said and done, this is mostly sleek, white-bread disco. The kind of stuff they play early in the evening at all-male clubs and at your hipper, gay aerobic parlors. (Roadrunner) ds

■ **Will - Word Flesh Stone:** Rhys Fulber and some other guys take another vacation from Front Line Assembly to make majestically moody overtures (with the exception of "Furnace Rekindled" which sounds like "Enigma" at 16 rpms which is pretty cool) composed of equal parts gothic rock, industrial dance and melodies purloined from Carl Orff and Richard Wagner (Will mentions Stockhausen but I don't hear it. I know that sounds pompous but I don't). And if you're gonna rip off somebody to make the kind of music you'd expect to hear in medieval epics and devilish horror movies why not Wagner and Orff? But if you're gonna make that kind of music it ain't gonna work unless you have your tongue firmly in your cheek. Fortunately, Will keeps it in place throughout much of this opus. (Roadrunner) ds

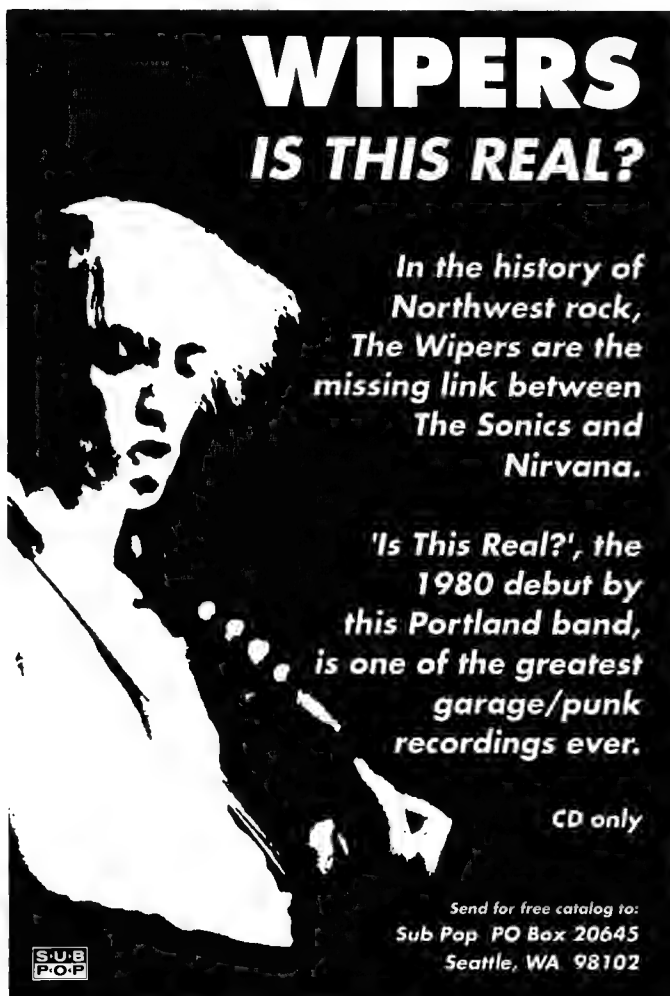
■ **Pooh Sticks - Million Seller:** Bubble-gum rock (is that an oxymoron?) is great fun. No grunge, noise, hardcore, I-hate-you band can alienate a nation full of more-confrontation-than-thous like an Archies' LP. Simple, driving melodies flounce out of the collective unconsciousness, spouting a philosophy of love and life that'll send a death metal fan screaming for his analyst.

Try it. Pick up the new CD by the Pooh Sticks. Steal it or wait until some post-Nirvana next big thing hunger sells it back to the local used emporium ("This doesn't *rock*!"), just don't pay full price, only half the songs are decent. Program the seven best tracks, avoiding the preponderance of CD-era-pad-it-to-an-hour, grotesque, self-indulgent filler (never ever use the words "peaches and cream" in a pop song!) and . . . You get a voice like Tommy James on a sugar high, geeking over the recycled Raspberries' finest moments ("But avoid Eric Carmen's solo records," the sage like liner notes advise.). You get squeaky-clean loud pop with horny lyrics and "a four-four beat/The very best kind" (from "That Was The Greatest Song," Million Seller's manifesto album closer). You get a power ballad. You get a room full of angry people trying to pretend it's not getting to them. You know which side you're on. (Zoo) al

■ **Butterglory - Alexander Bends:** Pleasantly sparse EP by two smart musicians. Smart because they've got a genuine handle on textured melody, and even more so because they just left California to live in Kansas. My complaint/question is why, with this caliber of hook and (I assume songwriting) ability do they release audio-doodles like "Bike" and "Luna"? Each is enjoyable in it's own right, but terminated prematurely. Hopefully, the answer is that Butterglory has so many worthwhile riffs/vocal patterns that they only see fit to develop the very best into songs and the rest they're just teasing us with. Two things I wouldn't mind having: 1) A Butterglory LP with 10 cuts instead of 15-20 "songs" and 2) A letter from those folks explaining or defending their approach. (Merge) bd

■ **Various - Shakin' Fit!:** GOOD GAWD Y'ALL! 29 hot hot hot heapin' helpin's of heretofore hidden hot buttered soul. Hey! with songs like "Mo Gorilla" and "Sticky Pig Feet" we're not talkin' classic fare here. We're talking high cholesterol, high fat content, high caloric. We're talkin' trash. We're talkin' Queen Bee "bah-bee-cue" with a side of sho' thighs washed down with some red soda water. We're talkin' so nasty and greasy daddy that you could fry scrap-ple in it. (Candy via Midnight Records) ds

■ **Velocity Girl - Copacetic:** This semi-legendary DC band has generated a lot of buzz in the industry without benefit of a full-length release. Of course, we'd never heard of them until Sub Pop graciously deigned to send us an advance copy of this collection of moody pop songs. After a few listens, Copacetic really grew on us. We decided we liked them. Here are a few reasons why. Some songs have strumchime guitars. Some songs have ringjangly guitars. Most songs are dressed with loudwarm fuzzguitar and betray a decided VelvetsSonicYouth influence. All songs have catchy memorable melodies and this sweetsad crystal-linehaunting femalesing that sounds like its coming from far-far away. (Sub Pop) ds



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POP**

■ **Various - Soluble Fish:** David Aaron Clarke is a grotesque, fat fool who writes an underground culture column for *Screw* magazine. Why he does so is a mystery as almost everybody knows men do not buy Al Goldstein's rag to read the articles. They buy it to find out where they can get a cheap blow job. Master Clarke is also a major contributor to another magazine nobody reads: *Chemical Imbalance*. The staff of that publication slapped together this collection of tedious, self-indulgent, self-consciously artsy, tongue-in-cheek alternative rock "sounds." How they convinced an otherwise astute record company like Homestead to foot the bill for this disaster is beyond me but I'm sure Mr. Clarke had his obscenely obese hand in it somehow. (Homestead) ds

■ **Various - D.I.Y.: I grow old . . . I grow old . . . I shall wear the bottom of my trousers rolled . . .** The music of youth, a record company's appetency fostering the delusion that convulsive beauty can be packaged in nine volumes. History will remember, remember 76-79 rock rebellion as "punk" and "power pop." But these were terms coined by men old before their time, not understanding, never understanding, afraid of understanding, that which is not old. And in fear and ignorance these labels were appended to a myriad . . . *Deferential, glad to be of use . . .* There are nine volumes in this series. Let us immediately rid ourselves of the following: (1) UK Power Pop I & II and American Power Pop I & II: Nick Lowe, The Romantics, XTC, the Shoes. The best of an uninspired lot, they do not sing to me, do not let them sing to you; (2) The Boston & LA Scenes: Willie Alexander, The Cars, Motels, Dickies. They could not presume. They could not begin. . . . *Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach? . . .* This leaves us with UK Punk I & II and The New York Scene: Patti Smith, Sex Pistols, Richard Hell, Ramones, Jam, X-Ray Spex (no Clash, alas). You will hear the mermaids singing, each to each. Riding seaward on the waves, Combing the white hair of the waves blown back, When the wind blows the water white and black. Music that tells us: It is worth it, worth it after all . . . *I should have been a pair of ragged claws, Scuttling across the floors of silent seas . . .* (Rhino) ds by way of tse

■ **Thin White Rope - The One That Got Away:** Yeah, got away from the mass public adulation they deserved. This was a terrific band that played muscular, often hellish rootsy rock flirting with and sometimes wholeheartedly embracing psychedelia and manly c & w, fronted by a guy singing in a mysteriously haggard voice. Got Away is a recording of the group's final show in Ghent, Belgium and it finds them in fabulous form reprising their 5 LP-3 EP career and throwing in covers of songs by Lee Hazelwood, Bo Diddley, Bob Dylan and, get this, Can and Hawkwind. Obviously TWR were far too sublime for the masses. But this isn't *Time* magazine and you're not John Q. Public so I'm sure the following won't be lost on you: BUY THIS CD! ITS THE BEST LIVE RECORDING I'VE HEARD IN AGES. MAYBE SINCE THE SEX PISTOLS AT CHELMSFORD OR THE DOORS ALIVE. AND UNLIKE THE LATTER, IT HAS A LOT MORE CUTS AND NOTHING AS HISTORIC OR SELF-INDULGENT AS "THE CELEBRATION OF THE LIZARD" (WHICH I KIND OF LIKE BECAUSE JIM HAS NO IDEA HOW DOPEY HE SOUNDS) AND THE LYRICS ARE, FOR THE MOST PART, MUCH LESS SELF-CONSCIOUSLY "PO-ETIC." (Frontier) ds

■ **Jerry Lee Lewis - Rockin' My Life Away - The Jerry Lee Lewis Collection:** Behind the near-death mask that Jerry Lee wore on those hamburger commercials over a decade ago there still beat the heart of the piano-poundin', whiskey-chuggin', woman-chasin', rip-your-shirt-off rock and roll killer. Lewis' back-up band on this comps' first ten tracks (from the album titled Jerry Lee Lewis recorded in four days sometime during 1979) are punked-up pros, proving from the first song, "Don't Let Go," what you can achieve with a mere two chords and an attitude. Jerry Lee swaggers and croons his way through the remaining ten cuts (culled from the LPs *When Two Worlds Collide* and *Killer Country* from 1979 and 1980 respectively) with a bit more finesse, but no less verve than you'd expect from someone who has not only been there but isn't afraid of looking back. And you haven't lived until you hear the Killer cover "Over The Rainbow," which if nothing else, is a true testament to the sheer size of Jerry Lee's testicles. (Warner Bros) bj

■ **Gas Huffer - Integrity Technology And Service:** Tom Price, lead guitarist for this Seattle band claims to have invented punk rock. I don't think so. He and his band are far too clever and they play far too well. Punk was "invented" in the sixties by rather unintelligent young men who couldn't play a lick. Besides, Tom sniffs gas - hence "gas huffer" - and the inhalant of choice for punks is now, and has always been, glue. So neither Tom Price nor Gas Huffer are punks but some of their songs are kinda punky. Also kinda hard rockin' in a punky way. And kinda rockabillyish. Also in a punky way. We kinda like them. Which is our way of unabashedly recommending them. In a punky kind of way. Tee hee. (eMpTy) ds



"Mom, the older kids gave me something."

■ **Goreguts - The Erosion of Sanity:** Now that speed/death thrash has been firmly established as a genre unto itself, we can all appreciate the principal hallmarks of this branch of the dark arts: A brutal, ghastly sounding name, twin lead guitar neo-classical speed solos played by guys with names like Luc and Sylvain, double-bass drumming at a warp-tempo slur pace, a vocalist aping a horror sound effects record on a broken turntable (totally incomprehensible), interludes of eerie piano and/or dissonant acoustic guitar, and sinister gothic song titles like "Hideous Infirmity" and "A Path Beyond Premonition." Of course, with all of the "required" gnashing and bashing going on, there does exist a thin line between genuine authenticity and self-parody. Goreguts do an admirable job integrating all of the above elements and taking that into account, I would *hate* to say that they sometimes cross that perilous line . . . So I won't. (Roadrunner) bj

■ **The Boys - The Boys/Alternative Chartbusters:** Washed over by the New Wave. Left by the rising and sinking tides of fashion to eddy in their own tiny backwater. The late 70s pop punk sound of the Boys cut every practitioner of the pubescent genre to shreds. Except for the Undertones and Wreckless Eric. And half a dozen other bands whose names we forget. Thirty-two pimply titles so far ahead of their time that only carbon dating can accurately establish their authenticity. (Link) sj & ds

■ **Rev. Horton Heat - Full Custom Gospel Sounds Of:** Some say it is the gospel of rockabilly, some say it is the WORD according to psychobilly, still others say it is roots rock writ large in the firmament with a sword of flame. I say put up your graven images of Lux & Ivy and let the Reverend's cries come unto thee. He will show thee ROCK in a handful of chords. He will ROLL thee as if thou wast a drunk in a dark alley. Verily he comes as a thief to pluck the motes from thine eyes so thou may no longer seest as through a glass darkly. Harken then to FULL SOUND and be healed in mind, body and spirit. (Sub Pop) ds

■ **Supercharger - Goes Way Out:** Estrus describes the Supercharger sound as "sort, fast LO-FI punk!" We kicked this around for a while and then after the bourbon and beer kicked in to us we decided that we didn't care what this meant. And that it didn't matter that the band ripped off Suzi Quatro's "Pleasure Seekers," the Ramones' "Teenage Lobotomy" and Chris Montez' "Do You Wanna Dance" (the Ramones' version). Hell, we would too if we were putting together a band and really didn't give a fuck. You shouldn't either. We also decided a lot of other things the night we heard this record but none of us can remember what they were. (Estrus) ds, sj & jk

SUPERSNAZZ



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■ **Swingin' Teens - Live @ Hairy Mary's:** "If you imagine that everybody is strong enough to endure life without an an-aesthetic then you'll never understand why men drink." George Bernard Shaw said that. "Suck my dick and drink some whiskey." The lead singer for this engagingly loudish and capriciously tuneful punk band said that. There's a connection here somewhere but I just haven't figured it out yet. Recorded in "an ear shattering whorlpool [sic] of stereo-phonetic sound." (Flurry, Box 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406) ds

■ **Ted Bundy's Volkswagen - T.B.V.:** Great name for a politically correct band. Oh yes they are too. Just look at some of the weighty subjects they run over: Rush Limbaugh, poachers, Jehovah's Witnesses and most impressively, white guys who play funk. And they're poets, asking us to get inside the heads of brain-dead Vietnam vets, psycho killers, alcoholic fetuses and porno addicts. The music is a kind of metal, an ultra low-fi rumble with the occasional psychedelic guitar styling over which some tortured soul emotes in a gravelly wail. Unstinting, unsparing and, for most of you white-bread motherfuckers living in your split level, three bedroom, one-and-a-half bath home, unendurable. The rest of you pop this cassette into your tape player and get ready to FEEL THE PAIN BABY! (T.B.V., 267 Bassett Ave., Lexington, KY 40502) ds

■ **Pro-Pain - Foul Taste Of Freedom:** You take a look at a new release by a heavy metal cum hardcore band and sometimes, not often, your thoughts turn to the great Harry Cary and the way he describes hot smashes off the bats of his beloved Cubs: "There's a long fly ball (the name Pro-Pain ain't bad), it's way back (song titles like "The Stench of Piss" and "Iraqnophobia"), it MIGHT be ("This is a blue collar band . . . we're all just trying to get by."), it COULD BE ("Torturing prisoner, flashback of Nam/Brainwashing Moslems from central command/You can't stop the punishment, signals are jammed/Mohammed's no match for the great Uncle Sam.") . . ." Then with nervous anticipation you shove in the disc and . . . "IT IS. HOME-RUN. HOME-RUN. HOLY COW." Yes indeed a home run, a veritable Reggie Jackson light-tower shot. (Energy, 395 N. Service Road, Suite 403, Melville, NY 11747) ds

■ **Aaron Tippin - Read Between The Lines:** Mr. Tippin (or his management) has a penchant for making amazingly bad videos for surprisingly good songs ("Blue Angel" most notably). He also comes across as kinda scrawny during televised interviews, yet is always manfully bulked (dare I say "buff" a la Piscopo?) in his laughable vid-sketches. Furthermore, a good 50% of this, his second LP, is worthless balladry (a context his voice and persona simply *do not* work in). HOWEVER, the "I've been around and here I am singing about it" mood of songs like "The Sound of Your Good-bye" and "I Wouldn't Have It Any Other Way" is goddamn pleasing and authentic. "I Wouldn't Have It" also sports positively fluid fiddle work, and is A-1 structure-wise (of course it got the pathetic video treatment, with "brawny" Mr. Tippin spearheading an employee buy-out of a factory that's supposed to be shut down by an evil suit). In the "naughty" mode "I Miss Misbehavin'" is just-passable filler with no redeeming quality other than some o.k. stock-studio pedal steel work. And "There Ain't Nothin' Wrong With The Radio" is pure gimmick, enjoyed only by the ladies at my neighborhood bar who spend weeks sipping Miller Lite over ice. Actually, now that I think about it, their boyfriends think it's a

good song too. So, to be honest, 7 out of the 10 songs on this LP stink. But, those three diamonds shine pretty tough, and one of 'em ("Blue Angel"), is damn near classic. So shoplift or tape the good 'uns off your local country station. If you do the latter, though, you *will* miss out on a steamy fold-out of ol' Aaron all beefed-out. I'd send you mine, but it's slightly, uh, *stained*, yeah that's it . . . (BMG) bd

■ **Claw Hammer - Pabulum:** I'm tired of not getting quoted in press kits even though I say far more clever and amusing things than most rock critics. I suppose if I played the game all those other fanzines did and talked about a band being a cross between this and that I'd be the host of MTV's *The Day in Rock* or whatever the hell it's called (and besides I'm much better looking than Kurt Loder). Because I feel I deserve to be a TV star I here with submit for your edification the following generic *Maximum Rock 'N' Roll* type review: Claw Hammer is Captain Beefheart played by Guns 'N' Roses fronted by Richard Hell on lithium. In other words, heavy metal dada pop . . . Boy wasn't that clever. And it felt good too. I got to go, I think I hear the phone ringing . . . (epitaph) ds

■ **Prayer Tower - Halo:** And goodbye to this industrial Gothic dance thang. Recommended only for those capable of dancing in a lithe and homoerotic manner i. e., guys who are excruciatingly thin, sport bad hair cuts, spend their weekends traipsing in and out of ecstasy parties, and own all the Skinny Puppy LPs. (Roadrunner) ds

■ **Roots & Blues: The Retrospective 1925-1950:** I know what this *is*. And there's not a whole lot that it *isn't*. It *is* an exceptionally well-put together collection of formative blues, c&w, & cajun music. It *is* gut-level pleasing in a sonic sense, a graphic sense, and an historical sense. It *is* "all wool and a yard wide" as my Grandpa Ted would say. It *is* a joy to own and worth the price of the ticket (and then some). It *does* require lengthy periods of absorption as it contains 107 tracks. This magazine would have to print quite a supplement in order to discuss even the finest, on, say 15% of material contained herein. When current country radio reeled me in from poorly conceived underground music it was a most enjoyable transition. As I travelled backwards chronologically towards the source this same "current country" became 90% unlistenable. This box offers a novice listener like myself a supreme opportunity for education and pleasure (the same thing, really), and has given me a reason to *never* ride the FM again. Also, I suspect that those more steeped in this music would concur all the more heartily on this set's worth, because Roots & Blues is (hack as it may sound) quintessentially approachable and timeless. However, there are many things which it *is not*. It *is not* Alabama coughing up embarrassing cross-over pop phlegm. It *is not* the forerunner of inveterate charlatans like Billy Ray "No Voice" Cyrus. And it *is not* one iota meaningless "kitsch" in that self-parodying sense common to some of today's country music "legends." Rather, it is real in a very much go-for-broke-and-be-broke way (most of those represented here lived and died relative unknowns.) The ironically vast majority of "country" music "fans" who wholly ignore this release serve as reason enough to lay out the clams for it. You can't go halfway and get it. So step it up and go, babe! (Columbia/Legacy) bd

Swingin' Singles

by Steve Jeffries, Jim Kirkland & Dom Salemi

» **George Willard - Uptight EP - Nut Music:** I guess there is a reason this record by George Willard is on "Nut" Music. A quick read of the 8 by 11 sheet included with this EP, a bizarre incoherent rant, will convince you of that. This is not disqualifying, but the music is. Like mellow Velvet Underground outtakes. Notice that we didn't say GOOD Velvet Underground outtakes. Just outtakes. Possibly desirable to cat lovers. (Nut Music, P.O. Box 5033, Herndon VA 22070)

» **Kise - Slop My Donkey/Gum Drop/Tattoo Man:** We made a mistake and played the double cut B-side. It's not bad; it's just not that good. "Pigs on the Wing" era Pink Floyd and a poppy punk tune. The A-side is something else altogether. Steve says it reminds him of Fetchin' Bones but I never heard that band so I think he's wrong. But it is rather inspiring trading off as it does a moody passage with a psychotic rave up featuring hysterical PMS type screeching punctuated by some superfluous trumpet fills. Lisa Suckdog dreams of writing stuff as good as this. Extra points for clear red vinyl. (Community 3, 7 Dunham Place, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

» **Colored Greens-Surf's Up/My Heart Sank/Salvation/The Menace:** Why aren't these guys called Collard Greens? It's a much cleverer moniker than Colored Greens. What does Colored Greens mean? What is Colored Greens supposed to mean? Do these guys stare at traffic lights a lot? A-side: decent, peppy thrash the highlight of which is "Surf's Up." B-side: slow, heavy grunge that is far better than what most practitioners of the genre produce. (Community 3)

» **Tad - Salem Welt/Leper:** This Tad Falco guy is amazing! In the wake of his big early 80s dance floor success, "Der Kommissar," bold Tad recorded several innovative rockabilly albums in Memphis as Tad Falco's Panty Burns. Now the ever intrepid Tad, despite his problems with obesity, has weighed in with an absolutely mammoth slab of metal steak. Falco's grade A, hard rock debut has us wondering what he will serve up next. (Sub Pop)

» **Dwarves - Underworld/Lies/Down By The River:** Sub Pop's liner notes have instructed us to believe that while sporting a fashionable emaciated punk look, the Dwarves have created a synthesis reminiscent of "Alice Cooper doing the first Saints' album." Don't like having to "think vintage Alice Cooper doing the first Saints' album." Prefer thinking of Frijid Pink doing the first Stooges' album. Or Debbie Boone doing the first Black Sabbath album. Or Korla Pandit doing the first 13th Floor Elevator's album. Or Tiny Tim doing the first Tammy Wynette album. Or Lynard Skynard... Metal pop so incendiary that it has burned away the band's chest hair and tightened their trousers. (Sub Pop)

» **Hazel - Jilted/Truly:** We put this record on when the pizza showed up. Steve threw it on saying, "Wow this is really different" while spewing pieces of pepperoni all over his lap. Unfortunately, we learned that the record was playing at the wrong speed, and it didn't sound nearly as good when Steve's moronic error was discovered. This effect was compounded by the fact that the other side of this technically challenging record was recorded AT A DIFFERENT SPEED! We played it so many fucking times trying to figure out which side was supposed to be at which speed we ended up liking it. Nirvanaesque on a gray marble vinyl. (Sub Pop)

» **Man Or Astroman? - Possession By Remote Control:** M.O.A.'s frothy astrophonic-surf title "Eric Estrada" has prompted vicious squabbling. Jim keeps shrieking about how Eric Estrada was a nightmare 70s disco-dick. Dom is rambling about some sort of Duane Eddy redux. FUCK! It's so obvious that Jim's wrong. I've

watched *CHIPS*. Eric Estrada was kind to children. Eric Estrada selflessly rescued beautiful crippled and blind girls with huge breasts from a miasma of perilous motoring mishaps. Eric Estrada taught rude drivers courtesy on the end of a nightstick. And made our roads safe. Excellent intro a go-go for the chopped and channeled set. (Estrus/Homo Habilis)

» **Jawbox - Novelty/DIS 77:** We feel DISsed after giving their irritating, intellectually pretentious prior release a glowing review (despite Jim and Steve's true feelings) and not finding it included in their irritating, intellectually pretentious press kit for this single. Incoherently affected. Sort of what we imagine a mature Gang of Four would sound like. That's a compliment. (Dischord)

» **Mondo Guano & Slo Deluxe:** Mondo Guano is really shitty. Get it? Slo Deluxe is slow. Let's move on. (Toxic Shock)

» **The Meices - Alex put something in his pocket/Crash:** Three brothers from a family named Meices. That is the only explanation for a band name like theirs. I don't think it works for a 90s combo from Seattle in the same way it worked for, say, the Cowsills. Actually, however, this group plays pretty good punk. Northwest Riot Girls should be balling these guys instead of ranting about their feminist chastity. (eMpTy)

» **Noise From Nowhere (Vol. 10):** We didn't really want to listen to this. Or write about it because one of our favorite horror movies was playing on cable - *Confessions of a Serial Killer*, a really sleazy recounting of the Henry Lucas self-actualizing myth. After viewing the required sodomy/rape/throat-slash scene, it must be said that this is a decent punk comp even if one of the bands is named Zero Tolerance Task Force. The evil influence of Ed Meese is only ameliorated by the fact that one of the other band names is Earl's Family Bombers. Lotsa attitude. (Toxic Shock)

» **Vertigo - Driver #43/Sit Down and Shut Up:** An answer to a prayer. Punk rock for gearheads! Except that the punks in my neighborhood are always too hung over to work on their cars, at least before sundown. They'd like the cover though which features an ancient bias-ply Firestone fat-whitewall housing an even more attractive slab of lavender-marbled vinyl. The A-side must be a tribute to stock-car driver Richard Petty. The B-side must be mocking George Bush's tirade against a heckler. Hello, I must be going... (Amphetamine Reptile)

» **The Legend - The Legend:** Slow paced Brit ranting with minimal musical accompaniment. John Cooper Clarke for the mentally challenged. (Sub Pop)

» **Lubricated Goat - Play Dead/Prayer For Blood:** Famous around these parts for showing up at a club unannounced and insisting they were booked for the evening, Lubricated Goat was set up and playing before management got wise and pulled the plug. As soon as Jim & Steve saw it was on red vinyl they knew that the songs would be repetitive from start to finish. They were. So Steve threw the record on the ground and got dirt all over it. Dom was appalled since he thought it was fabulous "distorto" hard rock. Steve thought that came from the Latin "distortus" meaning "all too familiar." (Sub Pop)

» **Helmet - Early Songs EP:** These faux-Minneapolisians reminded us of the New Bomb Turks. Not because they sounded like them but because the New Bomb Turks were on our mind at the time we were playing this CD. Helmet's early songs are intriguing slam-art-metal constructions and sound nothing like the furious punk of the New Bomb Turks. So we can't file this next to our New Bomb Turks' records. Maybe next to our Trashmen LPs. They were from Minnesota and we don't own any disco-drive Prince so... (Amphetamine Reptile)

PAT CARROLL PRESENTS

TODD X.

AND HIS SLEEP-WALKING DOG

JASPER

FEATURING TODD'S STUPID DAD

TODD VISITS HIS ANALYST...

WHY DO YOU HARBOR THESE FEELINGS OF HATRED TOWARDS YOUR FATHER?

'CAUSE HE SUCKS.

...HE IS A WEAK MAN...

HE'S WEAK AND HE SUCKS.

...INADEQUATE IS ANOTHER WORD THAT COMES TO MIND...

...INADEQUATE AND UNATTRACTIVE...

...AND HE TOTALLY SUCKS...

...UNEDUCATED, INNARTICULATE...

...PLUS NO TATTOOS...

...AND THAT UNFORTUNATE HAT...

...YEA, AND HE DOESN'T KNOW KARATE...

LATER...

SO HOW IS MY SON TODD'S ANALYSIS COMING, DR.?

JUST FINE. ANOTHER 3 OR 4 HUNDRED SESSIONS SHOULD DO IT.

...THAT'LL BE \$275.

PAT CARROLL PRESENTS

TODD X.

AND HIS SLEEP-WALKING DOG

JASPER

FEATURING TODD'S STUPID DAD

I'M TAKIN' YOUR CAR.

GILLIGAN'S ISLAND

WRESTLING

CARTOONS

ANY PROBLEMS WITH THE CAR?

NO. I CAME IN 32ND IN A DEMOLITION DERBY.

DONAHUE.



Steve

Chopped and Channeled - The Joe Meek Sound -

Jeffries



Like most *Brutarian* contributors I spend much of my time during the daylight hours at leisure in my penthouse apartment, enjoying the priceless stolen art treasures which adorn my walls and, occasionally, picking listlessly at the tray of fine Russian caviar which lies within my easy reach. Come nightfall I will prowling the darker environs of the city in a large, low-slung black sedan in search of powerful illicit drugs and sad women, as is my practice. For the moment, however, I move to the window of the apartment. I accept the martini proffered by my addled Asian houseboy Ling Pong with a gentle nod of dismissal, ever mindful that his condition remains fragile as a result of various mistreatments he suffered at the hands of his former mistress, the foul-mouthed, dwarfen Madonna. As my pensive gaze falls upon the teeming masses in the street below I shudder almost imperceptibly, pulling my silken robe more tightly to my nakedness. Quickly, I look away. I feel little for them, these grasping demi-men. And why should I? I am a genius. Scoff if you will. Here is but a small portion of the fulsome correspondence I receive on a daily basis:

Steve Jeffries is a genius. I have enclosed a substantial gift for him.

**Jeff Olson
Branson, MO**

Steve Jeffries is a genius. I miss "Chopped and Channeled" a lot.

**Conrad Widener
Connelsville, PA**

I heard everyone at AA thought you were a "real genius."

**"Slimsey" Jeffries
Baltimore, MD**

Mom said you were naked except for this stupid robe and yelling about being a "genie" or a "genius" or something.

**Sarah Jeffries
Boston, MA**

Please stop calling my parents on the phone and making them tell you that you're a genie. They have enough trouble with English and they already think our marriage is doomed.

**Marie-Rachel Devaux
NY, NY**



The Legendary Joe Meek

There you have it. Proof incontestable. And as a genius, I genius. The musical genius of The Legendary Joe Meek.

Like most geniuses, Joe Meek was forced to dress like a girl as a child, graduating therefrom cum laude upon reaching puberty to torture birds with piercing electronic shrieks channeled through an amp of his own devise. Given Joe's demonstrated technical expertise and deep-seated neurosis it was not long before he moved to London to engineer pop hits at IBC, the UK's premier independent recording studio in the mid 1950s. Concurrently, the Soviets launched several Sputnik rockets and a small communist dog that deserved to die into orbit, and Joe added a deep obsession with the existence of life on other planets to a psyche thus far only burdened with his homosexuality, directives from Satan, mental communications with the dead Buddy Holly, visions of his own death, a cranky temperament, imagined enemies, an untoward fascination with pornographic literature and the strain of his suspected involvement in a bizarre-occult torso killing.

His mind abuzz with the incessant chirping of at least three distinct tribes of lunar inhabitants (the Sarooes, the Dribcots and the Globbots), Joe left IBC in 1959 to do their nefarious bidding, cleverly staging a massive temper tantrum upon leaving to disguise his more sinister motives. Meek's first move was to rent a cheap pad over a leather goods shop in London which was spacious enough to accommodate both his burgeoning porno stash and a rudimentary recording studio. In the latter, Joe began experimenting with studio effects diabolically calculated to reduce the few actual musicians he required to a robotic state completely subject to his frenzied visionary caprice. Upon these hapless androids Joe would thrust his favorite instruments - a shrill two-octave electric organ (called a "clavioline"), a piano with its hammers thumb-tacked to prolong the notes, a hauntingly-phased and echoed electric guitar, bass and an inside-miked drum kit - in order to create the backbone of his distinctively disquieting instrumental sound. Heavily amped, echoed, distorted, compressed and otherwise distressed recordings of the sounds of radio static, water running from a faucet, bubbles being blown through a drinking straw, electrical circuits being shorted together, a comb being drawn across the serrated edge of an ashtray, electronic feedback and the like were then shaped to provide an appropriately other-worldly backdrop for Joe's inspiring musical compositions. Soon, Joe was ready.

Joe's first attempt to actualize the now legendary Joe Meek Sound finally came in early 1960 when he forced an unsuspecting band he christened "The Blue Men" to record a largely instrumental set he entitled, naturally, "I Hear A New World - An Outer Space Musical Fantasy." So pleased was Joe with the results that in the ensuing years he ran a huge number of instrumental and vocal acts through his insidious recording process. Numbered among his greatest instrumental proteges were The Tornados, The Outlaws, The Moontrekkers, The Packabeats, The Saints and The Flee-Rekkers, their recordings all bearing the unmistakably neurotic Mark of Meek. Meek vocal acts (the Honeycombs, the aptly named Puppets, etc.) were largely annoying and insipid. I

deem them unworthy of the proud Joe Meek Sound status they pretend to one and all and find their recordings only amusing where Joe surreptitiously sped-up their already retarded vocal tracks in the studio to avenge the imagined slights of the performers (usually The Honeycombs) releasing the records as altered. The detractors of genius will be dealt with ruthlessly in the end. Always.

In 1963, the "Fab Four" ascended the stairs to Meek's studio, cowering cuckold sugar-daddy Brian Epstein in tow. When Joe learned that the mollycoddled mersey fops not only required the love and affection that only Brian could give them but actually wanted to be PAID to record there he quite properly sent the pretentious little twerps fleeing into the night to seek shelter from the vicious hail of his foul invective. Over the years, however, his failure to dispatch the cuddly mop-tops on a more permanent basis apparently weighed heavily upon Meek. Thus, experimenting in his studio one afternoon in early 1967, Joe pulled off what some have described as his "ultimate career move." Joe's landlady (whom he regarded as a crackpot) had the temerity to burst into his studio in a pique of rage and demand that Joe lower the volume on his amp. Never one to repeat his mistakes, Joe quickly blasted the impudent interloper back down the stairs with his shotgun. Sensing the danger all around him, Joe then blew his own head off.

Reissues of Meek instrumentals are mysteriously few and far between, their scarcity no doubt attributable to one of the many secret plots Joe knew to be designed to bring about his downfall. The following recordings seem to be the only specimens thereof to have escaped this web of intrigue.

I HEAR A NEW WORLD: An Outer Space Musical Fantasy Engineered And Devised By Joe Meek Featuring The Blue Men (RPM)

As you may recall, upon the completion of his cool studio/porno stash set-up, Joe required only a band of unsuspecting musicians to set about recording his penned from beyond *opus caritas*, I Hear A New World. He thus lured a naive London area skiffle group, the soon-to-be former West Five, back to his lair, immediately re-christening them (without telling them of course) The Blue Men. The pliant Blue Men proved easily subdued and the master plan was

executed. The result: a vividly frightening, desolate and sometimes beautiful collection of tracks intended to replicate an aural tour of some lunar landscape but, more probably, representative of terrifying terrain which composed the dark side of Joe's mind. Otherworldly in the uncanny way that the 13th Floor Elevators' *Easter Everywhere* is otherworldly. Eerie. Musically, the tracks are primarily instrumental (the few vocal tracks featuring the babbling of the Globbots who, unfortunately for Joe's sanity, sound irksomely like the Munchkins) and their descriptions are best left to the liner notes furnished by Joe himself:

THE BUBLIGHT

This is a wonderful sight - a great patch of the sky becomes filled with different coloured lights, almost I should imagine like the end of a rainbow, except that each light takes on a shape. People travel from great distances to dance in the coloured rays, and about every five minutes the different lights all mix up, take on different shapes, and settle down to shimmer for another five minutes; then the shuffle takes place again. This lasts in our time about ten hours. This strange sight only happens about once every six months, and to dance in its coloured rays give the people the belief that it casts a magic spell over them for the next six months and safeguards them from evil.

THE VALLEY OF THE SAROOES

These are rather sad people being cut off from the rest of the moon. They live in a valley which has some vegetation, but it is a hard struggle for them to live and they have a form of rationing which is a strain and they seem always to be sad. They live and love each other but never leave the valley, for if they did they would surely die. They are green in colour.

LOVE DANCE OF THE SAROOES

Once again we find the Sarooes in a sad mood as they twist and turn in this almost Eastern dance. This dance is performed every eight days when the light is only half as bright, and a strange purple haze seems to cover their Valley. They dance for almost four hours non-stop, and then fast for three days. Perhaps it's a superstition; anyway it is a means of saving their valuable food rations and to watch this dance is a beautiful sight.

GLOBB WATERFALL

This may contradict the belief that there is no water on the moon; I still hope there is, if it's not external then it's inside the crust. Gravity has done a strange thing, and has formed a type of overflowing well. The water rises to form a huge globule on the top of a plateau, and when it's reached its maximum size it falls with a terrific splash to the ground below, and flows away into the cracks of the moon; then the whole cycle repeats itself again and again.

THE DRIBCOTS' SPACE BOAT

This looks rather like an egg, and it floats about 100 yards from the surface of the ground. It glides along at about 20 m.p.h. and is built and owned by the Dribcots. It is driven by huge inductance coils, that set up a magnetic field with the same polarity as the moon. Therefore, when the magnetic field is strong enough, it is repelled by the moon and rises into the air. By varying the polarities and their direction, the space boat is driven along. By reducing the magnetic field the boat can gracefully settle down on the ground. Its disadvantage is that it follows the shape of the ground below, and with a few odd craters around the Dribcots have a few "ups and downs," but the big disadvantage and the reason for drifting 100 yards from the surface is that if a passing satellite of opposite polarity came by, it would whisk the space boat, Dribcots and all, away and perhaps into orbit around some other heavenly body!

THE ENTRY OF THE GLOBBOTS

This is one of the tracks where you can almost see they type of people that live on one section of the moon. They are happy, jolly little beings and as they parade before us you can almost see their cheeky blue-coloured faces.

Upon the completion of I Hear A New World the whimpering West Five broke off their relationship with Joe after he attempted to induce them to tour as The Blue Men clad in silver space suits and made-up with blue face paint. Fortunately, the concept lay fallow only briefly as Sweden's ultra-suave instro pioneers the Spotnicks (of "Moonshot," "Thundernest," "Piercing the Unknown," etc. fame) appropriated the cool gravity-suit gimmick a year or so later, adding paper maché moon rocks to the stage to enhance the over-all boss effect.

Chopped and Channeled TELSTAR

THE TORNADOES: SINGLES COLLECTION (Bublight)

In 1962 The Tornadoes' pulsating "Telstar" jet propelled through the charts both here and in the U.K. fueled by an infatuation with the space race that had reached global proportions and, more importantly, by Joe's deep unrequited love for The Tornadoes' guitar player, a cold, blond, nordic he-god known only as Heinz whom Meek stalked relentlessly. Doubtless if you are unfamiliar with The Tornadoes' "Telstar" you have heard the Ventures or Spotnicks versions thereof, renditions virtually duplicative of the original. While "Telstar" is the best known Tornadoes' single (The Tornadoes lagged only behind the inestimable Shadows in number of instrumental U.K. chart showings) and quite typical of their style, it is far from their personal best. Superior Meek/Tornadoes' sides include my fav, "Ridin' the Wind," for its haunting melody and deep, brooding guitar riff, its perilously swirling flip, "The Breeze and I" (also covered by greasy drag strip giants the Jesters), "Telstar" flip "Jungle Fever" with its distressing organ line and gregorian chants, and space-effects laden "Life on Venus" which features alluringly ethereal female backing tracks as an extra Meek bonus.

The only problem with the Tornadoes Singles Collection is that it hasn't really been issued yet. You see, I'm really just talking about my Tornadoes Singles Collection. Any *Brutarian* subscriber who would like a taped copy of the collection may send a tape to me in care of Brutarian and I will be happy to record it. When sending the tape how-

ever, said subscribers should be careful not to include any written request in the envelope, but rather should merely enclose a small, colored piece of paper bearing the cryptic legend "BUB-LIGHT." The *Brutarian* staff will decipher this message and forward your tape to me.

By the way, if anyone wants to take up where Joe left off and stalk Heinz, his real name is Heinz Burt, his is still alive, and he lives in London at 304 Holloway Road. Sorry Heinz!

DECADE OF INSTRUMENTALS: 1959-1967 (See For Miles)

Decade includes among its roster of intro greats the flipside of The Moontrekkers' telstaresque 1963 "Moondust" 45, an organ driven spooker called "Bogeyman." Joe discovered The Moontrekkers in 1960 while out "scouting for talent" at a London area teen club where the provocative guitar toting youths were performing as "The Raiders." Joe was impressed by how young they were. By how young and youthful they were. By how young and youthful and young and firm they were. The altruistic Joe spirited the tasty lads back to his studio that very evening and demonstrated his fatherly interest in them by cajoling them into dropping their juvenile "Raiders" handle and adopting the far Meeker "Moontrekkers" in its stead. Soon thereafter, The Moontrekkers recorded their first two intro-singles "Night of the Vampire" and "Hitashiai," each track bearing the unmistakable

"touch" of Joe's strong "hands-on" guidance. The rest is history. Sort of.

Of special note regarding See For Miles' marvy Decade comp is its boldly heretical inclusion of top-flight Meek astromental effects competitor Rhet Stoller's "Chariot," wherein layer upon layer of poignantly glistening guitar riffs hover and recede as if in suspended animation over a pulsing, bass heavy telstar-like beat. Better than the Moontrekkers. Meeker than Meek. Extra-neat.

INSTRUMENTAL DIAMONDS: VOLUMES ONE AND TWO (Sequel)

Diamonds' first volume features two atmospheric 1961 spaghetti western numbers from Meek pupils The Outlaws (formerly the Stormers), "Valley of the Sioux" and "Sioux Serenade." The Outlaws only full length album, *Dream of West*, has been described by one of the four snot-faced limey collectors who own it as "one of the best and most sought after guitar albums of the early sixties." Apparently a mental Meek master-mind along the lines of I Hear A New World, *Dream of the West* is said to contain several revamped renditions of tracks originally appearing on New World including my fav, "The Bublight," cleverly retitled "The Outlaws." If only for the sake of embarrassing The Outlaws because I don't have *Dream of the West*, it may be pointed out that Joe managed to convince the precocious young vaqueros to wear tight, suede frontiersman suits while recording and later, in public.

Better non-Meek Diamonds' Volume One highlights include the Boys' 1963 "Polaris" (wherein "Telstar" is wedded to the Shadows' deep, tastefully baroque Duane Eddy twang in a moment of astrontmental bliss), a pair of Shadows' B-sides, a cover of the Spotnicks' seminal astro-classic "The Rocket Man" (sans the Spotnicks' surrealistically lonely deep-space guitar twang and Cape Canaveral lift-off effects that set the Russian flavored original apart) and the Dakotas' moody Mersey intro "Magic Carpet."

Unlike Volume One, Diamonds' second volume is a veritable Meek-Mart, featuring numerous selections from The Packabeats and The Saints as well as some rare instrumental sides from perennial Meek victims The Honeycombs. Moontrekkers' pals The Packabeats' (Possibly my favorite Meek instrumental act) top track here is "Theme for The Traitors," a fluid action-adventure literally dripping with dramatically phased and echoed bent-note guitar hooks (and possibly my fav Meek instrumental), while The Saints' best contribution is a taut, twangy, warp speed rendition of "Orbit Around the Moon" from the "I Hear A New World" template retitled "Husky Team" replete with the exciting snap of whips and cries of "mush." Go Joe! The two spaghetti westernish Honeycombs' tracks presented sound strangely underproduced and artificially accelerated in what could only be a beyond grave act of retribution attributable to Joe himself. That's what you get when you have an icky girl (especially Honey Lantree) in your band. I'm waiting still for the reissue of the third Honeycomb's intro recording, reportedly a waxing of my all time fav, "Goldfinger."

JOE MEEK'S FABULOUS FLEE-REKKERS (C-Five Records)

From their sax dominated sound and sometimes puny guitar strumming to their tres un-marvy music biz handle, The Flee-Rekkers (their sax player's surname was Flee-Rekkers - a botched early attempt at a Ramones type of thing) somehow managed to escape the mind-bending Meek mold yet bear his hallowed name on their record's dust jacket. This is of course attributable to the fact that The Flee-Rekkers were physically thwarted and unattractive and fully unworthy of the special close "personal" guidance Joe reserved for his all but nubile Moontrekkers and cold aryan-boy Heinz. Despite their sexual undesir-



The Joe Meek Sound

ability, The Flee-Rekkers recorded a few snazzy intros, among them two Outlaws frontier motified numbers, "Lone Rider" and "Fireball," a cover of the Shadows' incomparable "Fandango" and sax blow-out of the Champ's "Tequila" genre appallingly entitled "Bitter Rice."

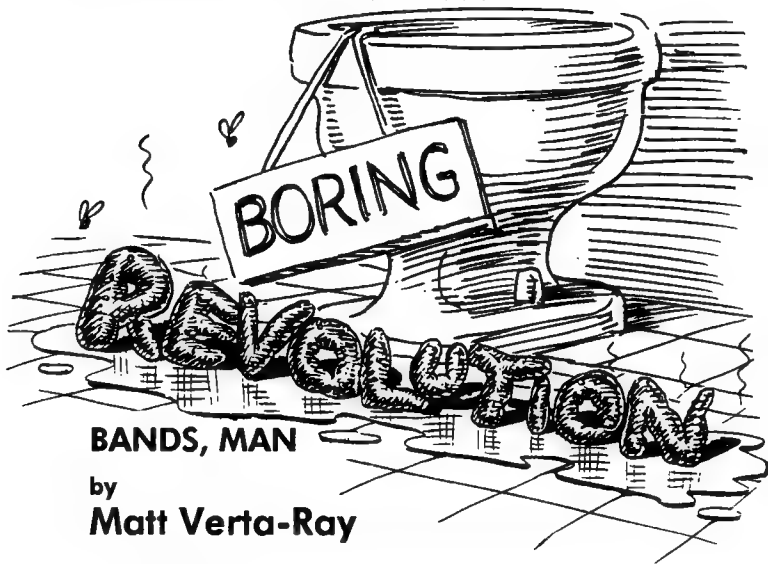
THE JOE MEEK STORY: VOLUMES ONE AND TWO (Sequel)

Smitten by the Meek Story's brightly play-dough hued packaging and the allure of a promised sun burst of instrumental Meekdom at the pleasure-point of purchase, imagine my deep disappointment upon discovering not only that mawkish ballads and prissy beat vocals comprised 98% of its contents but also that none of these mawkish ballads

or prissy beat vocals were the infamous Heinz solo recordings resulting from Joe's delusion that his brave, statuesque *liebeschen* could SING. The few intros included on Meek Story (Saints, Packabeats, Outlaws and Flee-Rekkers) are either better found on the ultra fab Instrumental Diamonds' comps or, for the price, dispensable. The treachery!

Unless otherwise noted most of these fine (and otherwise) Meek Sound selections are available for purchase on vinyl or cd through the rude frog at Midnight Records. Ambitious Meekophiles may additionally wish to track down John Repsch's elusive tome *The Legendary Joe Meek*, which I have neither read nor seriously attempted to locate. Because I already know everything contained therein. I am a genius. NEXT ISSUE: Heinz's home phone number.

WAKE ME UP WHEN YOU'RE QUITE FINISHED WITH YOUR . . .



BANDS, MAN

by
Matt Verta-Ray

THE TINKLERS

As promised in last issue, this is the long awaited piece about the Tinklers, a couple of beautiful geeks of the bearded school teacher, soft-spoken, can't-get-no-dates-with-no-ladies-nohow, reedy voiced, weird-but-interesting-instrument-playing, nerdy, scrawny white guy type. As opposed to the smarty-pants, intentional art school nerd type. This is a very important distinction because the Tinklers' brand of creativity has the ring of something they have limited control over, though the music is not artless in how it's put together. A band like They Might Be Giants forgoes the rock and roll animal trip in order to give their intellects more elbow room. From the start, they know they're being arty and that's the way they want it. They can do intentionally "wacky" things with music and performance without giving up too much of their soul. The Tinklers, on the other hand, seem to have less choice in the matter of how they are perceived by their audience. Their first album on Shimmy-Disc (Kramer produced), called Casserole, is a collection of over thirty songs by, about, and for, the semi-retarded, or at least the seriously medicated. Every single tune is sung in a deadpan monotone, even the ones with the sweet and beautiful melodies. Some of the "songs" are repetitious, dead sounding recitations, not sung but talked like "Turn The Screw On The Crank" or this one:

Mom cooks inside, Dad cooks outside
Mom cooks a cake. Dad's makin' steak
Burgers and dogs. Wieners and beans.
Mom's inside makin' everything clean.
Mom cooks inside, Dad cooks outside
Mom uses gas. Dad uses fire
We stick weenies on the end of a wire.

Double tracked and unison sung, these cuts sound childish and totally devoid of all but the feeblest of passions. But despite their zero rock star quotient, they have more in common with Iggy Pop or Hasil Adkins than someone like Sting because, unless I am seriously misreading them, they are being true to their nature, i.e., no artifice in their concept, in short, true rock and roll animals.

Image and concept aside, there is a high idea per song rate. Whatever frequency these two guys - Charles Brohawn and Chris Mason - are tuned to, they are, more often than not, in the "on" position so as eccentric as some of their material sounds you get the feeling none of it is mere filler.

The Tinklers' 1991 release, Saplings, is more of the same featuring a paltry twenty-one songs again produced by Kramer. Not a bad cut in the bunch and as a bonus you get an ad for the Tinklers' Encyclopedia, a compilation of definitions of stuff I can't even begin to tell you about. Info, records and the encyclopedia can be had by writing to: Charles Brohawn, 6150 Parkway Drive, Baltimore, MD 21216.

THE A-BONES

This is a great New York band and a fixture on the scene. A garage rock combo with deep roots in rockabilly, 60s garage punk and general rave-up music, the A-Bones choose songs for their live set by "how people move around" when they start to play. The group has a fiercely devoted following who come to every gig and dance continuously. In fact drinking and dancing seem to be de rigueur when attending a performance which is somewhat curious considering that Miriam Linna's drumming has attained the perfection of garage noise: all cymbals, inaudible snare drum but with a noisy, unmistakable pulse. No dry, compressed boomin' kick drum, no huge, gated, reverby snare cracking, and still everybody dances all night.

Linna and her husband, lead singer Billy Miller are the founding members of the band, presumably having pulled it from the ruins of the Zantees, a unit in which they also played a major part, a unit that was also a little closer to pure rockabilly although really hopped up. (Miriam's drumming on "Tic Tac Toe" is a more standard ricky-ticky Johnny Burnette style of playing: more rim-shots than full-on snare hits.) Billy Miller co-writes some of the A-Bones' songs with the terrific telecaster toting Bruce Bennett, the band's only guitar player. Lars Espensen plays tenor sax and looms around menacingly while Marcus the Carcass holds down the bass. Stage names: you're allowed one per band.

Bennett's guitar playing is not always as distinguishable as you might like live, due to excessive reverb and the general midrange crowding that occurs when you have a sax player in a guitar band, but on record (notably the 1991 Norton release The Life of Riley), the tele sound cuts through and you can hear that rare thing, a rock 'n' roll guitar player actually trying to push himself and be reasonably inventive while still playing rootsy, Chuck Berry style licks. It sounds like Bennett is trying to play jazz but has been asked to use the service entrance; there's really some nice things going on if you care to listen carefully.

Another interesting thing about the A-Bones is their access to one of the most impressive record collections I have ever seen. Billy and Miriam are roots culture archivists and they have some of the coolest "stuff" you could imagine from original Elvis posters to (three!) jukeboxes to records, records, records: r&b, rockabilly, blues, country, ad infinitum. Tons of 'em. And since they are the bosses of Norton Records, they also have tons of personalized memorabilia from various obscure and better known "stars" whom they have helped to drag away from the jaws of oblivion. I flipped when I saw the *original*, and I mean the very *first* 78 rpm record of Hasil Adkins' "She Said," the la-

bel of which is a piece of paper from a line rule notebook with the title scrawled in ball point pen in Hasil's own handwriting. Talk about knowing what cool stuff to revere and what cool stuff to let go, I was so mortified I ran home and tried to find Mick Jagger's signature so I could burn it. Couldn't. Must have thrown it away with my Steel Wheels CD . . . Anyway, the point is that the A-Bones really *know* their stuff. Moreover, they're not stingy when it comes to sharing their passions, their incredible *Kicks* magazine which comes out every so often, is a highly readable chronicle of their obsessions.

A couple of A-Bones' things that stick out in my mind: "Take Up The Slack Daddy-O!" a great single on Cruddy Records (501 N 36th St., #157, Seattle, WA 98103) with cover art by good old Peter Bagge, and "Sham Rock," a never-fail crowd pleaser that's on the above mentioned Life of Riley LP. So, in sum, the A-Bones (What is an A-Bone? I think it's part of a car or something.), are a rockin' band but also a nice, big, sloppy phenomenon that is one part warring moodiness, one part history lesson, one part busted fire hydrant-like stream of warm, and one part mid-rangy music coming at the front of your face in mono, the whole ultimately being greater than the sum of the parts. See them live, get their mag, and get their records as well as anything else that comes out on Norton. I have yet to hear a bad record on that label, many of which feature beautiful graphic cover designs by Pete Ciccone of the Vacant Lot (previously featured in this column). Norton can be reached at Box 646, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10003.

LITTLE RICHARD AND THE STATE OF MUSIC

I took some notes after seeing Little Richard play at Tramps in NYC recently, and although I was pretty drunk and depressed at the time, they sadly still make sense as I look them over now.

First things first: How big is his head? That thing is huge, bobbing on top of his body, wide expanses of shiny pancake make-up glistening all around his cemented grin. You can easily picture Richard jackin' off while watching Buddy Holly screw the fantastic Lee Angel, the "girlfriend," beard and man attractor for Richard and the Upsetters (q.v. Little Richard's autobiography).

Secondly: The good thing about Little Richard is that he is so over-endowed with the spirit of abandon that even when he gives in to ridiculous self-mockery he's still a pretty close approximation of someone who cares about what he is doing. The ironic thing is that he's probably making so much more money now than when he was giving a million percent of himself, when rock 'n' roll was his religion. In the old days, he was so obsessed with the vitality of a performance that he made his band rehearse their set (probably only about nine songs tops) over and over maybe ten times before *every* show, and that's when they were playing every day. Can you imagine being in his band for say, two years and still rehearsing "Tutti Frutti" ten times every day?

Thirdly: Now, and I certainly can't blame him, he's got a stage "act" that he pulls out at will to make money. Wouldn't you? The guy is sixty years old. He gave the absolute artistic best of himself for almost no (comparative) money and now he just wants to make a little cabbage the easy way. He is the consummate professional and is still a great blues singer - he sang the shit out of "Blueberry Hill" at the show - but on the other hand he did a earnest version of the "Itsy Bitsy Spider," played with equal seriousness by his band of way over-qualified studio hacks (white guys sporting beards and shag haircuts

like they were Jason Patrick in the movie *Rush* or like they were in the country band Alabama). Two electric bass players. Pointy metal guitars. Peavy amps. In the end it all seemed so pointless, just like jazz. Why is it that the only people who stay pure turn out to be insane: Captain Beefheart, Hasil, Daniel Johnston? Or megalomaniacal: Salvador Dali, Bob Dylan? Or unself-consciously unskilled: Shonen Knife, Beat Happening, The Shaggs? Why? It seems like when you're too good, you suck. Elvis Costello is so good he blows. Sting can blow *me*. He's only a fraction as "good" as Elvis Costello but still way too "good" not to be completely nauseating. "Dream of the Blue Turtles" my hairy fuckin' ass. Nobody has Coltrane records except for total assholes. Myself included. Robert Christgau can blow me. Music criticism is a ridiculous concept: people who can't write writing for people who can't read. Music criticism: forget about it. Coltrane should have been a bike messenger. Clapton, too bad he didn't fall out of that window instead of his kid. Wouldn't fuck him with Agnew's dick. That stupid beard, go join Alabama . . . I have seen the future of rock 'n' roll and it is Bruce Springsteen's self-doubt. Not making an album for the last five years and it was every bit as good as "Sandy" or "Thunder Road." . . . Just like jazz, music is pointless . . . It has no POINT!

For the human being he is, God bless Little Richard, a beautiful, beautiful man. Let him do what he wants, survive any way he chooses. *I'm* the one who's having the goddamn crisis. Kill *ME*, motherfucker. But I'm taking Clapton and Sting with me!





Afrodill is Palsy Afrodill was bad when she stole the was mighty unclean and filthy is bad when you're as white cake. Afrodill stood still as her eyes dampened and ran garlic snot. "Ooh you are smelling" sprinkled Plumie from their mountaintop home. As she neared the edge



the bathing pills from the pocket of Plumic. Plumic after all
feels as angel hair and smell like roses grown from a lemon
and grew carrots in their moisture, and her ginseng nose
to Afrodill, taking this very seriously, threatened to leap
at her body bounded with felicity, apparently palsy.

(d) Stephen Shin (1991)

by Dom Salemi

The promo packet that arrived with this flick informed us that it was essentially a remake of *La Femme Nikita* which was not a good sign. You see, I don't watch French contemporary films for the same reason I don't listen to French classical music - Berlioz, Debussy, Couperin, et al. - they bore me to distraction. But this one was made in Hong Kong so I was willing to give it a chance . . . for about five minutes.

And let me tell you those were some five minutes.

During those three hundred seconds I watched, totally mesmerized as this hot, lithe, young Chinese woman beat the crap out of a guy as big as a mountain for coming on to her, blew away one of the cops attempting to make the arrest, bludgeoned an obese lesbian prison guard in a holding tank with a night stick, smashed a hit man in the face with the top of a toilet tank, and blasted a half dozen more cops in effectuating an escape from a courthouse. Not to put too fine a point on it: Mr. Shin really knows how to grab a guy's attention.

Alright, so you have this dangerously violent woman running wild in the streets. She's a menace to herself and to society. So what do you think the Hong Kong government decides to do? Well what would our government do? What would you do? No, no, you wouldn't gun her down like a rabid dog, you'd abduct the little hoyden, take her to a secret government lab and implant a microchip ("black cat") in her brain. But it's not just any old microchip, it's a special, super scientific microchip. One that enhances the physical and mental capabilities of its possessor but also causes periodic migraines which can only be alleviated with a special drug, a drug in the sole possession of the Chinese lab boys. This is what is known in the trade as a "covert operation."

Once our heroine, whose name is Catherine by the way, is made to understand the full implications of her situation and calms down a little (well actually it takes a couple of intense migraines before she becomes somewhat docile) she begins training as . . . no, not a nurse, not a horticulturist but an assassin, which, microchip or no microchip, is something of a risk since Catherine is clearly clinically insane. This is what is known in the film industry as asking the audience to blindly suspend disbelief.

But really it doesn't matter because once she is let out on her own, the *Black Cat* becomes an almost unending series of violent action sequences: bullets fly, strangers drop like flies, things take flight; it's almost too damn exciting to write about. And when crazy Catherine starts feeling a little of the old ennui she starts to do in her "assignments" in all manner of novel ways.

I would say the film is smartly paced but I can't because there really is no pace; everything moves at warp speed. This is not a criticism. Shin's mise en scene is inventive and amusing; the whole shebang, in spite of some incredibly violent bits, is played for laughs and cheap thrills. There's not much emoting but the woman playing the Black Cat - I can't tell you her name, the credits were in Chinese - was quite effective as the off-kilter but highly erotic kitten who has trouble keeping her claws to herself. Which is why I probably wouldn't want to spend a weekend in a resort hotel with her but I would definitely want her on my side in a street fight. (Available from Video Search of Miami.)



The Navy vs. The Night Monsters

(d) Michael A. Hoey (1966)

by Dom Salemi

This flick is required viewing for all those serious minded cineastes who do not think it possible to be entertained by a deplorable film. I mean how could you not be entertained by a movie so ridiculously inept? So frightfully bad?

Most of the fun comes from watching a cast of familiar actors trying to keep a straight face while reciting lines such as, "Sadness is like the common cold. No one has ever found the cure for it," or while gallantly struggling to make the inanimate objects which serve as "monsters" appear as if they are moving. And speaking of cast, director-screenwriter Michael Hoey has assembled quite a troupe to embarrass. There's top billed Mamie Van Doren as a nurse who insists on wearing sleeveless blouses even though she's stationed in Antarctica. There's professional game show contestant and erstwhile host, Bobby Van, as a wisecracking petty officer whose cracks are neither wise nor the least bit funny. Bud from *Father Knows Best* makes a meaningless appearance as a radio operator, as does Pamela Mason as a research scientist. Rounding out the uninspired ensemble is Anthony (*Naked Kiss*) Eisley as the stolid and humorless C.O. and love interest for Mamie. His torrid romantic interludes with the underdressed Ms. Van Doren are classic encounters that vividly bring to mind such storied romantic pairings as Gable and Lombard, Hepburn and Tracy, Bogart and Bacall, Stallone and Parton.

Night Monsters is essentially an absurd variation on Howard Hawks' *The Thing*. A naval scientist research team unearths a number of trees growing beneath the ice in Antarctica. These strange growths are quickly packed and placed on board a cargo plane to be flown to a nearby island where they can be studied. The trees make it to the island but the crew doesn't. Only the pilot is found alive but he is suffering from catatonic shock. Mamie, Eisley and the rest of the cast are baffled and spend the rest of the movie trying to figure out what we already know: the trees are meat-eating mutations that walk on their roots and dissolve their victims into bite-size chunks by spraying them with corrosive acid.

As if this moronic story wasn't enough to provoke hilarity, there is the fine inattention to detail that makes this film truly such an unrelied joy: the crew knowing that the plants spew acid, pick them up with plastic plates; the catatonic pilot is never tied down, even after awakening twice and violently beating the same nurse; the killer trees, which we are told can only move at night, are napped out of existence when they attack the compound during the day.

Production values are almost nonexistent. The "night monsters" actually look like painted coat racks with withered palm fronds stapled to them. The outdoor sets seem to consist of little more than particle board and dried sod. Whenever the Navy springs into action, the same newsreel-type footage is shown. Even the musical score sounds like generic fifties sci-fi (except for the monsters' leitmotif which, unbelievably, is the bassoon obligato from Universal's *Frankenstein* series).

Van Doren has disparagingly described *Night Monsters* as a "vegetarian horror." If she were to view the film today, she would not likely be as harsh in her assessment. Alright, she probably would, but I don't have to be. Listen, the human condition is essentially ridiculous. When a dramatic work - which by definition attempts to negate this fact - fails, truly fails, as this film does, then hysterical laughter is the only appropriate response. Why? Because the audience is shocked into recognizing how pretentious and absurd men and women look when they labor under the delusion that they are heroic or noble.

Attack Of The B-Movie Monsters

(d) Wayne Berwick (1985)

by Ernie Santilli

Did you know Les Tremayne and Ann Robinson from *War Of The Worlds*, Gloria Talbott who *Married A Monster From Outer Space*, Robert Clarke aka *The Hideous Sun Demon*, *Tarantula* exterminator John Agar, Kenneth Tobey from Howard Hawks' *The Thing* and Robert "Invaders From Mars" Shayne all appear in the same film? No, it isn't one of those Bert I. Gordon oversized-something-or-other Fifties' duds. It's *Attack Of The B-Movie Monsters*, a labor-of-love 1985 release.

This is a film that belongs in the collection of everyone who enjoys Cold War horror/sci-fi. Rather than merely updating the standard period story line in an attempt to crate a cult movie (a la the dull *Attack Of The Killer Tomatoes*), writer/producer Ted Newsom assembled a cast of the actual actors and actresses who worked in the most notorious pics of the era, added Brinke Stevens for a touch of sex appeal (*certainly not breast appeal: ed*) and had them team up against a three-eyed stop-motion beast. (The latter is quite impressive considering budget limitations.)

The veteran ensemble play their parts straight-faced, letting the script generate the laughs. Not *too* obscure, multiple references to their earlier roles (e.g., *Thing* sympathetic scientist Robert Cornthwaite needles Tobey with, "Have you tried using thermite? I hear it works wonders.") will have genre buffs rolling. There are also enough sight gags and silly moments to entertain those who are not monster movie aficionados. In essence, this is the *Airplane* of creature features.

Newsom and associates throw in all the formulaic ingredients of the original fright flicks: loads of anachronistic stock footage (including some from Japan!); static, overlong shots of principles wordlessly pointing skyward; out-of-scale miniatures; soldiers ineffectively attempting to drop the titular terror with rifles, and so on. There's even a scene with a jerky edit which causes an audio glitch!

Most of the Golden Agers appear in cameos during a segment where Tobey, Stevens and fellow behemoth battlers field phone suggestions for killing off the "Creaturesaurus." Naturally, the old timers recommend whatever worked in their most famous denouements.

One of the funniest moments in the film occurs during this sequence. Tobey's office receives a call from Japan which the Americans can understand because "It's dubbed in English." Dr. Yashiwara knows how to destroy the antagonist: "Get Godzilla to beat him up. Ha, ha, ha."

In separate shots we see Godzilla and the Creaturesaurus getting set to square off. When they finally come face-to-face, however, the radioactive reptile is dispatched with one whack to the head. "No wonder you lost the war!" snaps Tobey, as he hangs up on the foreign scientist.



Attack Of The Movie Monsters is a triumph of creativity over budget and deserves far more attention than it has garnered. So why isn't it a "big cult hit?" Chances are it has something to do with its 61 minute running time. At that length it's probably too long to serve as a supporting feature on a mid-night theatrical presentation and too short to headline.

Like many good films made by smaller independents, *Attack* does not have the benefit of a large video distribution network. That, no doubt, is another reason it has yet to become well-known. Fans of stampeding four-story grasshoppers, intergalactic fuzzy things and creatures from another dimension are urged to seek out this tape. It may prove difficult to locate, but your efforts will be rewarded. In the meantime, keep watching the skies.

She-Devils On Wheels

(d) H.G. Lewis (1968)

by Dom Salemi

These "she-devils" are a gang of vicious cycle sluts riding under the *nom-de-guerre*: The Man Eaters. Their *cri d'armes*: "Sex! Guts! Blood! And All Men Are Muthas!" This doesn't make much sense I realize, but then neither does the fact that these truculent tarts spend all day tooling around on their bikes and all night living down their name without holding gainful employment of any sort.

When first espied, The Man Eaters are preparing to race one another on their home turf, a dilapidated runway on an abandoned airfield (which pictorially is as about as interesting as it sounds). The order of finish determines who takes first choice of the male groupies who line up each night in the Man Eater's ramshackle headquarters for impromptu orgies. Karen, the intellectual member of the gang (we know this because she says

such witty things as "Just my luck to get a man who's a jellyfish and not a swordfish," or "I love man sandwiches just as long as there's no baloney involved."), wins the race and chooses from the stud line a lunkhead named Bill, the only bloke with an unstained polo shirt.

Unbeknownst to Karen, The Man Eaters are watching her selection with much interest. You see, Karen has chosen Bill several times before arousing the suspicions of her playmates who zealously adhere to The Man Eater code forbidding emotional involvement with men (they are "muthas" after all). Their misgivings confirmed, the gang orders Karen to meet them at the airstrip the following night. There they present her with a trussed-up Bill and an ultimatum: tie Bill to the back of her bike and drag him over the concrete airport runway or take his place. With a tearful "*ave atque vale*" to Bill, Karen jumps on her cycle and proceeds to haul her

hapless lover across the runway at warp speed not stopping until he looks like Richard Pryor after his fateful session with the crack pipe.

At this juncture, the narrative is abandoned, Lewis preferring to use this violent incident as a springboard to scenes of further outrage and kinky hijinx. Thus Karen's problems are dispensed with as The Man Eaters rev up their bikes and take it to the streets, terrorizing towns (including swiping ice cream cones from little girls), jumping into bloody turf fights with rival (male) gangs, initiating their blond, virgin mascot Honey Pot by dousing her with beer and motor oil and then having her pull a train with members from a nearby male cycle club, and - let us not forget the nightly orgies with the notorious stud line.

It's not only the preceding escapades that provide the source of so much of *She Devils*' humor but the filmmakers' deliberate parody and exaggeration of biker film conventions. So instead of leather jackets festooned with ominous imagery, we are given The Man Eaters sport cloth vests adorned with bubble-headed pink pussycat appliques. Nor are we in the presence of heroic iconoclasts like Brando in *The Wild One* but cycle slouches, unseemly cutthroats who enjoy pummeling their opponents bloody even after they lose consciousness and pissing on them as a final gesture of disdain. And The Man Eater's boyfriends look nothing like Dennis Hopper or Jack Nicholson; they are fashion casualties with bad teeth and poor builds. Yes, The Man Eaters are losers, and because they ride bikes the implication is that "outlaws" riding bikes in those other movies were losers too.

She Devils risible screenplay is the handiwork of one Allison Downe, a Miami probation officer who utilized her experience not only to fashion the script but to cast the picture as well. All of the members of The Man Eaters, with the exception of Karen and Honey Pot, were members of The Female Cut-Throats, a division of the Iron Cross Motorcycle Club of Miami. And the girls, needless to say, acquit themselves quite well, their joyously oafish character interpretations, their wilful stomping on one another's lines, and their raucous, idiot laughter over humorless bits of dialogue manifesting a *joie de vivre*, an "I don't give a shit" attitude that ironically complements Lewis and Downe's conception of The Man Eaters as blithe psychopaths.



Faceless

(d) Jess Franco (1992)

by Dom Salemi

Genre hack, Jess Franco has made far too many films to name - some say the total numbers close to two hundred - and if most of them are as bad as the half dozen I've seen, they deserve to remain obscure. However, there are enough interesting sequences in Franco's work to lead me to believe that if Jess ever got off whatever medication he's obviously taking then it might be possible for him to make a fitfully interesting feature. Now I say *might* because the film I am about to briefly discuss is so deliciously low, so frightfully contemptible and more importantly, so coherent that I find it almost impossible to believe that it is conceived by the man who made *Succubarae*. But then what do I know, the scuttlebutt has it that that unwatchable mess was one of Fritz Lang's favorite films. And for most trash film fans, Franco has become the modern day equivalent of Ed Wood, Jr. so maybe I need to see a few more of his efforts to fashion a more honest appraisal of the man.

In any case, what the putative director, Mr. Jess Franco, has done, is peel away the poetry and haunting imagery from Georges Franju's *Les Yeux Sans Visage* to leave us with a memorable ninety-minute exercise in sleaze. For those of you unfamiliar with the story, it concerns a mad surgeon who, in an effort to restore his wife's horribly disfigured features, abducts young girls, cuts the epidermal layer off their face and then attempts to use the whole bloody mess in a wholesale skin grafting operation.

It doesn't get much sicker than this folks but for your continued displeasure, Franco fills his film with outlandishly decadent characters, delectable women in various states of dishabille (including France's leading porn star Brigitte Lahaie and Noxzema pin-up girl Caroline Munro) and graphic depictions of violence. Oh yes, Jess goes Georges one better in featuring two, count 'em two, stomach turning facial skin peeling sequences. And for those of you who like to play "Spot The Washed-Up Actor," the producers have managed to induce the likes of Anton Diffring, Howard Vernon, Telly Savalas and Helmut Berger - he assays the part of the mad doctor - to put the final nails in the coffins of their languishing careers. (Available from Video Search of Miami.)

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**THE VIDEO VAULT
IS BACK!**

by Dom Salemi

When you say "Mario Bava" to most people, even those who like movies, they're likely to think you're talking about some kind of Italian sub sandwich. But to students of the horror film, Mario Bava is more than a name, to them, he is simply, "The Master," a director without peer in the genre. This is largely because Bava is a fine cinematographer and, as we all know, the most important element in a horror film is atmosphere which a great cameraman can supply in spades. Unfortunately, for Bava worshippers, another important element in the feature length picture is story and to put it bluntly, Bava is no storyteller. Many of his films are virtually plotless and when there is a semblance of a story, "The Master" often renders it unintelligible. Still, Bava did manage to make a number of terrific movies, movies driven solely by fluid camera work, elegant pictorial composition, stylish art direction and masterful lighting. To experience *Black Sunday*, *Blood & Black Lace* or *Black Sabbath* is to truly walk in Death's dream kingdom. What follows is a look at three Bava films that have recently been released on video (well, they've just shown up on the shelves of our video store at any rate).

Danger: Diabolik

Imagine a James Bond film with little in the way of spectacular special effects, sleep-inducing dialogue, no story to speak of and a floridly effeminate looking leading man and you have *Danger Diabolik*. John Phillip Law, fresh from his triumphant turn as the angel in *Barbarella*, gracelessly lumbers through the titular role as an oh-so-clever master criminal who hatches these huge plots and nonchalantly pulls them off despite the best efforts of the Italian police. An insipidly oleaginous cast seems to be performing in the throes of narcolepsy save Terry Thomas who strives mightily to inject some life into these dreary proceedings by hamming it up like a drunken Borscht Belt comic on closing night at Kutzner's. Unbelievable as it sounds, this film has something of a cult following. Perhaps it's because of John Law's groovy, skintight black leather suit. Perhaps it's because of the scene in which Law makes love to his dizzy blonde assistant under a mountain of money. Perhaps it's because fans of "psychotronic" movies bestow cult status on anything that is relatively obscure and the teeniest bit exotic. Whatever reasons Michael Weldon and his fans have for celebrating this film, I believe that the time has now come for them to seriously consider, as an occasional substitute for television, an antiquated but nonetheless incredible practice indulged in by millions for both pleasure and edification. It's called reading.

Baron Blood

Many horror fans have a warm spot in their heart for this fitfully entertaining film which is somewhat surprising since it stars Elke Sommer, who as almost everyone knows, has never, repeat never, made a decent film. Not that all of her vehicles were winners to begin with but Elke simply gives new meaning to the word wretched. This is a woman who believes that it is possible to convey emotion through the nostrils and to give a major role to such an actress is simply to court disaster even when the part calls only for screaming, running and sobbing. And in *Baron Blood*, Elke, once again gives an abysmal performance, but this atmospheric horror exercise which contains a few genuinely spooky moments could have survived even Ms. Sommer if it were not for the ridiculous script.

The film tracks the fortunes of the shapely Elke and a young architecture student as they labor to turn a decaying castle into a swank hotel. The castle was once owned some three hundred years ago by a notorious sadist who the townspeople dubbed *Baron Blood*. Whether this was before or after he was burned alive in his bedroom by the gentle villagers we are never told, but we do find out that the present day inhabitants of the area consider the castle to be haunted. This fails to scare Elke and her addeipated boyfriend who not only continue to work at and on the castle but somehow get a hold of a parchment containing a spell that if chanted aloud in the Baron's former bedroom will bring him back to life. Unable to resist the temptation, the daffy duo repair to the Baron's sleep chamber in the middle of the night and cast the spell. Looking a little the worse for the wear after three hundred years, the Baron unearths himself and begins to knock over the townspeople like bowling pins. Even though the Baron is not what you would call a track star, the townspeople are unable to catch him because he has this wonderful ability to turn himself into Joseph Cotten whenever he so chooses. Bava does his best with this ridiculous material, suffusing the night scenes with wisps of fog and fervid blue tones, employing languorous tracking and dizzying circular pans to heighten suspense, but it is all for naught. However, the viewer is, for the most part, spared having to watch Elke attempt to act; the script calls for her to do little more than don tight fitting outfits and hysterically race around the sets. And tight is what Joseph Cotten looks like in most of his scenes, whether it was liquor or embarrassment, Cotten's obvious discomfort over having to appear in such a silly role has the ironic effect of making him look rather frightening, almost . . . insane. Almost two minutes of gore have been cut from the HBO release, better that some of Elke's love scenes had undergone the knife.

Kill Baby Kill

Kill Baby Kill was Bava's final Gothic exercise before audience demands and financial difficulties forced him to start churning out violent and graphic horror films like *Twitch of the Death Nerve* and *Hatchet For A Honeymoon*. Often unfavorably compared with *Black Sunday* and *Black Sabbath*, Bava's earlier morbid chillers, *Kill Baby Kill* is just as gloomily atmospheric and frightening as the aforementioned films.

The typically convoluted Bava plot concerns the investigations of a series of unexplained deaths in a decaying Romanesque village by a Dr. Eswai and his curvaceous assistant Monica. Dr. Eswai's suspicions are first aroused during an autopsy when he discovers a gold coin buried in the pith of the corpse. The terrified villagers refuse to answer any of the good Doctor's questions but his persistence results in a solicitous innkeeper revealing the terrible secret.

The villagers are laboring under a curse, a curse imposed by the Baroness Graps whose young daughter Melissa was allowed to bleed to death while the doltish denizens were disporting themselves during a feast. Summoned by the curse, the vengeful spirit of Melissa now haunts the village, causing all to whom she appears to slowly and mysteriously bleed to death. The balance of the film centers on the efforts of the Doctor, Monica and Ruth, a beneficent sorceress, to uncover the mystery surrounding the Villa Graps and to exorcise the wraith that holds the village in its insidious thrall.



As in so many of his other films, Bava enriches his narrative with stunning compositions: a graveyard with its pith of lustrous blue light creating a menacing aureole in the comforting gloom of twilight; dank, fog-beshrouded alleyways; the desolate halls of the Villa Graps which Bava manages to saturate with the eerie almost, profound quiet one finds in the paintings of Arnold Bocklin and Caspar David Friedrich. Perhaps the most haunting image of all is the circular staircase at the center of the villa with its outlying walkways tinted a delicate blue and green and shot from above so as to engender the impression of a *malocchio*.

Many critics claim that Bava's compositional skills are employed at the expense of narrative and pacing. This charge is not supported by *Kill Baby Kill*. Here, Bava masterfully integrates imagery, lighting and narrative to create an enveloping, almost palpable, atmosphere of dissolution and decay. And amidst the oppressively stolid stone streets, through the shadowy, cobweb-bedizened rooms and halls of the ancient villa, down within the recesses of the fetid, dusty tombs, Bava's camera creeps, building tension and heightening suspense through a slow, almost hypnotic revelation of detail.



Baron Blood

Danger: Diabolik

Kill Baby Kill



The Amazing Colossal Man War Of The Colossal Beast

(d) Bert Gordon (1957/1958)

by Randy Palmer

The Amazing Colossal Man begins with a pretty good hook. An off-course airplane crashes in a restricted military area during a plutonium bomb test. Col. Glenn Manning (Glen Lagan) is caught in the midst of the explosion when he attempts to rescue the pilot. Overnight his third degree burns disappear. His skin appears as smooth as a newborn babe. What gives?

That's what the doctors want to know. They call in a bomb expert, Mr. Kingman (Russ Bender), who immediately reminds us that we're watching a Bert I. Gordon picture. In other words, the story doesn't have to make good sense, even in a science-fiction context. Kingman laughs off the obvious medical questions. "A man survives a plutonium bomb explosion by mere chance," he opines. "In less than twenty-four hours he grows new skin. What is the big mystery?" He shakes his head bemusedly. In the very same scene Kingman sets up a projector and runs films of the bomb test for the enlightenment of the medics. When the lights come up he intones ominously, "This can only mean one thing: something out there is beyond our knowledge!" (This from the man who moments before wondered what all the mystery and excitement was about?)

Such nonsensical script boners are typical of director Bert Gordon's style. He just isn't that interested in continuity. He isn't much interested in logic, either. Obviously. It's much more fun to be illogical. Cheaper, too. Like his more talented contemporary, Roger Corman, Gordon is interested mainly in action. And effects. Gordon loves effects. The cheesier they are, the better he likes 'em. How do I know this? Because plastered all over the credits is the legend SPECIAL TECHNICAL EFFECTS BY BERT I. GORDON, and they're downright horrible. Who's going to brag on effects, especially such ineffective ones, unless they're damned proud of them?

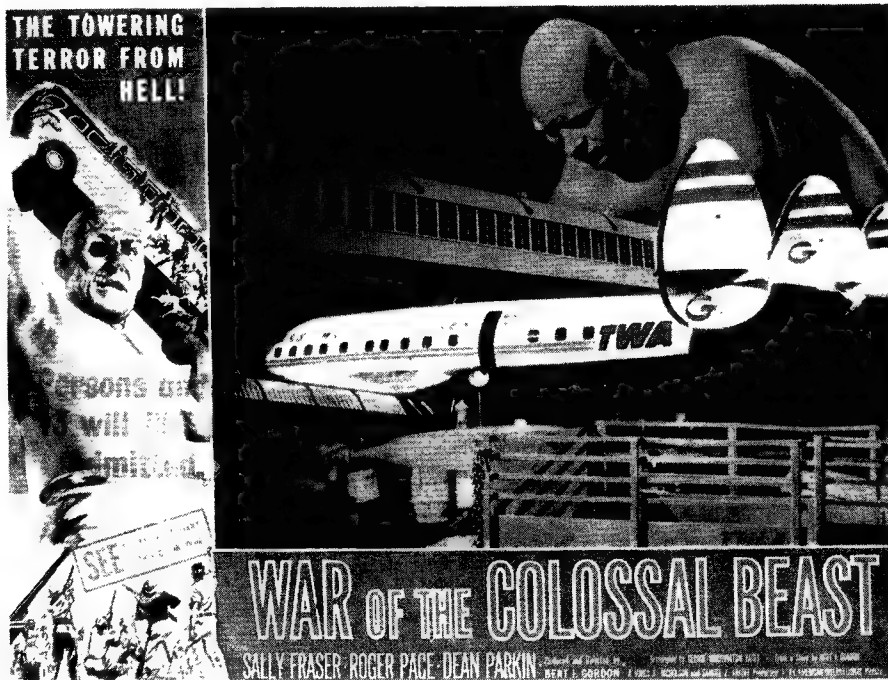
In every Bert I. Gordon film the team of Gordon & Gordon (Mr. and Mrs.) provide the "technical effects." That means camera tricks like double-exposures and mattes and superimpositions. (Of course, some people might consider the mere viewing of the *Colossal* films a super imposition, but that's another kind of effect.) Since almost all of Gordon's movies involve the transmutation of the small into the macrocosmic they all have the same kinds of effects. Remember *Earth Vs. The Spider*? *The Cyclops*? *Village Of The Giants*, *Beginning Of The End*, and *Food Of The Gods 1 and 2*? (Do you think maybe Gordon has a Kong-size fetish? Hmmm. There's even a line in *The Amazing Colossal Man* that smacks of rather misplaced admiration: "Look at the size of that man!" I wonder if that humdinger was contributed by Gordon or screenplay co-writer Mark Hanna?)

Gordon and Hanna's script is at times amusingly satirical. At least I hope it's supposed to be satirical; it's awfully difficult to think that Gordon & Hanna mean for us to take it seriously when the sixty-foot version of Col. Manning begins razing Las Vegas and a local policeman chastises his partner, "Are you going to stand there and let him destroy property?" Some of the script's best lines are spoken by Lagan himself. Snapping the waistband of his giant adjustable sarong, he marvels at "army ingenuity." "I can grow to be as big as I want and never have to change clothes!"

Much of the picture is spent with Manning mulling over his future, which doesn't look all that bright. Army scientists are feverishly working on a chemical compound designed to reverse his mutant growth processes. Before they can perfect the solution, Manning escapes his tented tarpaulin home and wanders into Las Vegas where he promptly begins wrecking hotel signs, tossing Buicks end over end and basically redesigning the city's architecture from the ground up. Then Manning gets bored and decides to challenge the churning waters below Boulder Dam. Well, actually the army shoots him off the top of it but he *was* looking for a place to cool off after his Vegas rampage. A giant works up quite a sweat tearing apart a city.

AIP released *The Amazing Colossal Man* in 1957. It was a big hit on the drive-in circuit and in less than twelve months, the world was blessed with a sequel, *War Of The Colossal Beast*, starring Dean Parkin as Col. Manning. Here, the world's largest colonel returns not from the dead but pretty much the worse for the wear (it's a long way down to the bottom of the Boulder Dam) with half his face gone.

But Manning has lost something besides his mediocre looks; he's lost what was left of his mind. Whereas the earlier film at least touched on the mental anxieties of a freak turned away by a society which didn't want to feed, clothe and care for him, the sequel settles for less. Much less. Which might have been acceptable if Gordon had ladled on the special effects. But instead of hiring B-FXpert Paul Blaisdell to whip up some more miniatures (or maybe Blaisdell copped out since Gordon neglected to give him credit for his earlier work) Gordon opts to wow his audience with what appear to be a couple of Tonka toy trucks and an erector set balanced in front of a black dropcloth.



Too bad, because a sci-fi film without decent effects is like beer without any gusto. Very unsatisfying.

The sequel merely has the monstrous Manning stumbling around Mexico until he's captured by the military and transported to . . . guess where? Washington? Nope. L.A.? Unh-unh. North Dakota? Sure. Manning ends up in a vacant air hangar where, after a five minute flashback which utilizes some neat highlights from the first film, he escapes to menace . . . a bus load of children. Pretty scary huh? Well, Manning's sister shows up to talk big brother out of snacking on baby food and thereby saves the day, but not, unfortunately, Glenn's life. (Interestingly, in the first film it's mentioned that Manning has no family. So much for continuity, eh, Bert?) Realizing the awful truth at last, the bone-headed behemoth does something most "monsters" in movies never do: commits suicide. And in color too. (Kudos to Columbia/Tristar for preserving AIP's original color insert of the giant's electrocution via high-tension wires, a sixty-second gambit that allowed AIP to proclaim in its advertising campaign, "See a 60-foot giant destroyed IN COLOR!").

If you like 50s schlock, you'll probably enjoy both of these films. They're two of the schlockiest - and two of the most moronic.

Bruce Li In New Guinea

(d) *Kong Hung* (1980)

by Ernie Santilli

To his legion of admirers - including yours truly - the posthumous exploitation of Bruce Lee's name and image borders on blasphemy. One particular actor was renamed Bruce Li and was cast in several mediocre movies produced strictly to cash in on the death of the original. (Other impostors worked under the handles Bruce Le and Bruce Lo. Bruce Lie would have been more appropriate.)

Employing tactics straight out of Kroger Babb's handbook, the exploiters used misleading titles and copycat artwork, feeding like subterranean vermin on Lee's corpse. To draw a musical analogy, imagine a series of albums by an inferior guitarist calling himself Jimmy Hendricks.

Apparently, much to the chagrin of Lee devotees, the deception worked.

To this day TV programmers are *still* being fooled into buying syndie "Bruce Lee" packages, none of which feature the "Little Dragon." (We'll give the local UHF buyer the benefit of the doubt rather than assume he is merely going along with the con.)

Well, if I'm so offended by the above, than why am I about to tout *Bruce Li In New Guinea*? Because this has got to be one of the goofiest tapes on the market, martial arts or otherwise.

In all fairness, it should be pointed out that Li had gained a following of his own by the time this doozy was made. (That's not defending his method, simply stating a fact.) Therefore, the inclusion of his name in the title is less deceptive than worthless trash come-ons like *Bruce Lee Fights Back From The Grave*. At no point in *Bruce Li In New Guinea* do they attempt to pass off Li as the better-known superstar.

Li plays anthropologist Kwong Lee who, with his kung fu enthusiast pal Chin Seng, journeys to Snake Worship Island to study the natives. After the twosome fight every man they meet, Lee dukes it out with the Great Wizard (not to be confused with the late Grand Wizard of wrestling fame), evil ruler of the Devil Sect.

Wiz downs Kwong with the aid of a poisonous ring. Our half-dead hero is taken to the home of Princess Ankawa (not to be confused with Brit mag *Un-gawa*), who, in her platform leopard skin boots and matching mini-dress, looks like the world's sole remaining Mott The Hoople groupie. Ankawa is the leader of the friendly Luna Sect, currently being oppressed by the Wizard and his thugs. When the Princess is informed her patient is freezing, she warms Lee up the old fashioned way - by having sex with him. (I *told* you they were friendly!)

The latter is only one of the many outrageous scenes in this pic. Space restrictions limit me from listing them all, but here are a few to whet your appetite: a man fending off assailants by hitting them with a shirt; the sound effect for a snake pit supplied by someone going "psstst," an oversized pinball masquerading as a sacred pearl; "gorilla warfare" (you'll see); and, gratuitous nudity - the best kind - including a lengthy scene of six petite cuties romping on a beach.

Perhaps the nuttiest sequence comes when the Wizard's son curses the Ankawa/Lee baby by throwing a worm in the kid's face. This stunning visual illusion is accomplished by the incorporation of what appears to be a



The Amazing Colossal Man

felt tip marker squiggle on the lens. Kwong Junior moves his head . . . yet the parasite remains stationary!

Attention, K-Mart shoppers! An SLP (six-hour speed) copy of the film - with a surprisingly sharp image - can be found in discount stores for about five dollars. It's well worth the five spot just to hear someone say, "Princess, you're a slut!" (Available from Video Search of Miami.)

Deadly Weapons

(d) Doris Wishman (1979)

by Onan The Brutarian

Doris Wishman was the only woman working the sexploitation field in the sixties and for this reason alone her films would be worthy of study. (Absolutely.) However, Wishman's deliberately primitive cinematography, her crude plotting and her reliance on even cruder acting make her work, unlike most of the trash of this period (David Friedman an exception), eminently watchable.

Deadly Weapons laughable raison d'être is the seventy-three inch bust of an Israeli woman with the stage name of Chesty Morgan. She's the wife of a small time hood who is shot to death on the orders of a mob boss for trying to take a piece of the capo's action. Chesty vows revenge and tracks the two assassins, first to Vegas and then to Miami, and kills them by knocking them out with a mickey and then smothering them with her breasts.

It sounds hilarious and it is but not because of the story. With a Wishman film it's never the story, even though they're almost always outrageous, but the manner in which the story is told (and sometimes refuses to be told). *Deadly Weapons* has a coherent plot but for the viewer it becomes quite clear early in the proceedings that Wishman is far more interested in the unsightly look of her cast. There isn't an attractive person in the picture - even the non-descript Harry Reemes (aka Reemes) appears to have been cast for his outlandish walrus mustache - and when Wishman isn't lingering over their every blemish and pockmark she has her motley thespians prating about in preposterous polyester pants and natty nylon knits. Com-

ing in for especially harsh treatment is the film's star, Chesty Morgan. Morgan, to be kind, is not an attractive woman. She has simian-like features, no neck, a squat body and bandy legs. Throw in those two dirigibles masquerading as breasts and you get something freakish, almost monstrous. A kinder director would have shot Chesty mostly from afar, using vaseline-smeared lenses for the requisite close-up shots of her breasts. Wishman is not a kind director. She lovingly dwells on every stretch mark and varicose vein, and positively revels in tight shots of those mammoth mammaries slopping over arms and oozing out of clothing. When not showing her in the altogether, Wishman has Morgan stuffed into these ill-fitting, frilly baby dolls or little-girl lost ensembles and posits her atop towering, garishly colored platforms. It's a startling picture: the Venus of Willendorf as suburban troll.

Equally comical is the artless Wishman indifference which some trash film scholars have sought to posit as a style. In scenes in which the camera suddenly falls to a man's crotch when he's talking on the phone or zooms in on the carpet after a character disappears behind a door you can almost hear the director barking to her crew, "Don't cut! Don't cut! This is a sex picture for meshugahs. Who's to know?" When forced to be inventive - and her producers don't generally ask or expect that of her - Wishman often resorts to methods that are endearingly ingenuous. The sequence in which a cheap con is beaten up and then knifed to death by two thugs is a perfect example. Rather than intercutting the movements of all three of the participants in the struggle as we might expect, Wishman mixes shots of tight close-ups of the malevolent, sweaty faces of the two cons, vertiginous, out-of-focus camera movements and flashes of bright light. Inventive? No. Startlingly childish? Yes, absolutely.

Deadly Weapons is not quite as loopily surreal as some of Wishman's other films like *Bad Girls Go To Hell* or *The Incredible Transplant*. Adjudged by the standards set by the aforementioned movies come to think of it, this one is rather straightforward. But "straightforward" for Wishman is "backwards" for everyone else which is, perhaps, the reason so many people take such perverse delight in watching her films over and over again. (Available from Something Weird Video.)



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SIX PACK THEATRE

by Ozzy Fide



Due to the dearth of decent product on video, Ozzy has broken a long standing habit and begun to prowl local cinemas in an effort to satisfy his lust for low brow entertainment. This does not mean, despite last issues' vow to fill the void created by *Gore Gazette's* erratic publication schedule, that I plan to view every trashy release that slinks its way into town. Life is simply too short and besides, most films, either due to their titles, their cast, or the "creative" talents involved, are practically begging to be ignored. So don't chide ole Oz for failing to run to the local multiplex to critique a fulsome piece of worthless tripe. If you really *need* to know about *Children Of The Corn 2*, the latest no-name martial art atrocity, or newest action-adventure potboiler, *you* see it. I'm not going to pay seven of my hard-earned dollars for a movie that I'm reasonably certain is going to suck. If it's on tape, well that's a different story; a rental's still pretty cheap and I'm willing to sit through almost anything if allowed to drink and if I don't have a Hispanic family of five sitting behind me all taking turns commenting on and translating what they're seeing on the screen. Sure I can tell them to shut up. Sure I can defend myself. But how long do you think I can punch out people before I'm watching flicks as part of an involuntarily "captive" audience? Not too fucking long, let me tell ya. And another thing. Don't rake me over the coals for failing to see *Dead Are Alive* aka *Brain Dead* or *Army of Darkness*. I reviewed those two fab flicks in last issue thanks to screeners sent to me by my super secret sources. Your impressed now aren't you? Ozzy's got copies of flicks that are still knocking 'em dead at the box office and you know they're not that knock-off video cam shit you can get for next to nothing in Chinatown or on the West Side. Well as they say in Brooklyn, the town of my birth, "Fuhgedaboutit!" You ain't gettin' no copies no matter how nice you ask. Especially since you were just cursing me out a few seconds ago. Especially since I have no wish to have my front door kicked in during the middle of the night by the FBI. Besides, I've got enough problems worrying whether my home is going to be picketed by the Hispanic branch of the ACLU.

THERE'S NOTHING OUT

THERE - (d) William Kanefsky (1990): Ever seen a decent parody of a horror film? No, don't say *Texas Chainsaw Hookers* or *Blood Diner* because those films sucked. Alright, I'll give you *Bloodsucking Pharaohs From Pittsburgh* and *Frankenhooker* and some of those H.G. Lewis' films and . . . Ok, ok, stop with the screaming and the arm waving. So there are a few decent satires out there; this rather dimwitted effort, however, is not one of them. Yes, we know everyone in the gore-monster-creepy-crawly-big-guy-with-an-axe-jap-dinosaur film zine world seems to like this one but, as we all know, most zine editors are semi-literate welfare recipients with a soft spot for anything likely to make them feel superior, less disenfranchised, less like the obscenely obese losers they know in the back of their pea brains they are. So if you're fat or stupid or impoverished or any combination of the three you need to know that *Nothing* - which concerns a small monster stalking a group of twenty-somethings holed up in a vacation home in a remote neck of the woods - contains a few laughs, a bit of gore and a bevy of good looking babes baring their oddly-shaped breasts at almost every opportunity.



DIGGSTOWN - (d) Michael Ritchie (1992): James Woods destroys the credibility established with his mean spirited performance as fascist felcher Roy M. Cohn earlier in the year with his star turn in this rancid boxing comedy. Stumblebum director Ritchie allows Woods to literally rope-a-dope his way through the role of an ex-con teaming up with a forty-eight year old retired boxer (Lou Gossett, Jr.) to fleece corrupt town boss Bruce Dern out of his ill-gotten fortune. How? By suckering Dern into betting that Lou can't KO ten of Dern's men in a single day. Of course in the real world any young punk could take out the fifty-something Gossett in no-seconds flat, but because this is "da movies" we're

expected to buy that a jowly, jelly-bellied, hoary, one-hundred sixty pound washed-up fighter can put lean, psychotic rednecks and muscled black behemoths on queer street any time he feels like it. Yeah, sure. Plodding, almost totally devoid of laughs and featuring very little boxing (but a lot of atrocious mugging on the part of Gossett and Woods), *Diggstown* is likely to be dug only by punch-drunk pugilists looking to kill time before the inevitable release of Rocky VI.



RAISING CAIN - (d) Brian De Palma (1992): You know, I don't mind when a director cribs scenes and ideas from a great artist like Alfred Hitchcock, but I do mind when a director starts to plagiarize his own films. Because what this means is that instead of getting second rate Hitchcock you're now getting third rate Hitchcock. And, as a bonus with this outing, De Palma has decided to give you some second rate Michael Powell as well in this tale of a child psychologist named Carter (John Lithgow) suffering from multiple personality disorder as a result of a series of ghastly psychological experiments conducted on him when he was a child by his sadistic father (John Lithgow). Carter's principal other, his doppelganger really, is Cain (John Lithgow) who does all the dirty work whenever Carter finds himself in a jam. Before, I tell you about the rest of the plot, let me just say at this juncture that no, what you have just read is not a misprint, Brian DePalma actually has John Lithgow playing three roles . . . So maybe I should forget about describing the rest of the flick because if you're like me you probably think the only thing worse than watching John Lithgow is watching multiple John Lithgows. Yeah, you do, don't you? Okay then, you can forget about this film, a complete disaster made by a totally spent talent, a broken man who no longer has even a clue as to how to go about constructing decent entertainment. But then I

suppose you had already come to that conclusion after trying to sit through *Casualties Of War* and *Bonfire Of The Vanities*. One can for the scene with Lolita Davidovich rolling around in her silk nighty. I'd be willing to give you odds she could get a quadriplegic hard.



SINGLE WHITE FEMALE - (d)
Barbet Schroeder (1992): Mr.



Schroeder shows you why you're supposed to live alone once you're all grown up with this suspenseful tale of a lonely young woman (Bridget Fonda) and her boarder (Jennifer Jason Leigh) in a luxurious, rent controlled apartment in the upper west side's Ansonia. At first blush, Leigh appears to be little more than a diffident and awkward country bumpkin but it's not long before puppies are flying out of windows, close friends are getting bludgeoned and worst of all for thirty-something, spoiled, dim-witted Yuppie computer expert Fonda, clothes are being borrowed and not returned. When Leigh dyes and cuts her hair to match her roommate's and begins to make a serious play for Bridget's slimey boyfriend, Fonda decides she's had enough but by then it's far, far too late. Schroeder masterfully builds and maintains suspense and coaxes great performances from his female leads neither of whom seem at all perturbed at having to play most of the scenes in various states of undress. Most of the violence and outrageous excess doesn't occur until the final two reels but it hardly matters, you'll be far too busy being bewitched, bothered and bewildered by the alabaster beauty of *SWF*'s lusciously nubile stars. Barbet, being French,

tries to add a bit of profundity by fitfully (and fatuously) exploring such "weighty" themes as the fear of solitude, the malevolent doppelganger, and the psychopathology of the repressed libido, but he needn't have bothered. With trashy source material like a John Lutz novel (*Seeks Same*) Barbet's just dressing up a cheap trick.



TO SLEEP WITH A VAMPIRE - (d) Adam Friedman (1992): And to sleep is exactly where this feckless existential study of a nocturnal liaison between a jaded vampire (sitcom retard Scott Valentine) and a suicidal stripper (Charlie Spradling) will put you if you pop it in your VCR. Imagine a closet drama for two characters written by the staff of *Fan-
goria* and you'll get some idea of how insipid this turkey is. Featuring some of the worst acting we've seen outside an H. G. Lewis film, *Sleep* has only two things going for it but Spradling (who makes Connie Mason look like Katherine Hepburn) doesn't show them nearly enough to make this abomination worth renting. At any price.



THE CRYING GAME - (d) Neil Jordan: Director Jordan, who also



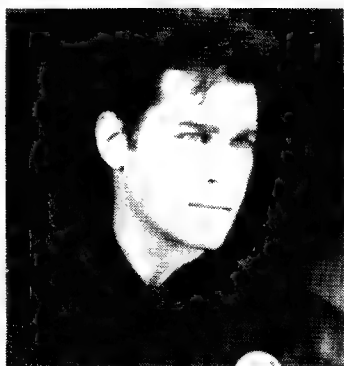
wrote the screenplay, returns to the world of independent filmmaking and fashions his most entertaining and thought provoking movie since *Mona Lisa* (1986). While no masterpiece - no film that asks us to watch Forest Whitaker for a half hour can be considered a total triumph - *Crying Game* is one of the most literate and intelligent films we've seen in quite a while and fully deserves its commercial success. Magnificent Irish actor Stephen Rea stars as Fer-

gus, an IRA soldier who aids in the kidnapping of Jody, a British enlisted man (Forest Whitaker). This bumbling band of Irish provisionaries (one of whom includes the sultry Miranda Richardson) has taken Whitaker prisoner under the delusion that the British will trade one of their incarcerated leaders for him. While in custody, Fergus and Jody strike up a friendship with Fergus pledging to go to London and deliver a farewell message to Jody's girlfriend should Jody be killed, which he thankfully is, a short time thereafter. So Fergus goes further underground and travels to London to keep his promise and suddenly *The Crying Game* becomes a fascinating two person "character" study rather than the thriller we had been set up to expect. You noticed that I put "character" in quotes. That's because Jordan has put this amazing twist into the second half of the movie and if I told you about it I would absolutely ruin the experience for you. Because I can't help myself, I'll give you another clue: Jody's girlfriend is a man.



UNLAWFUL ENTRY - (d)

Jonathan Kaplan (1992): For such a good looking, charming, soft-spoken guy, Ray Liotta certainly makes a scary sociopath. And a believable one. This is one of the things that makes Jonathan Kaplan's entry in the recent rash of ingratiating psycho films, e.g., *Pacific Heights*, *The Hand That Rocks The Cradle*, *Single White Female*, the best of the lot. The others are a fine script exhibiting careful psychological research, measured performances by co-stars Kurt Russell and Madeline Stowe and the assured, carefully paced direction of Kaplan. But it's mostly Ray Liotta's show as a crazed cop who worms his way into the lives of the affluent and happily married Stowe and Russell solely to win Stowe for himself. Watching Ray's inevitable descent into homicidal madness is akin to slow torture; if you don't find yourself having trouble breathing it's only because



that like me, you've found yourself downing beers at an alarming rate in order to anesthetize your frazzled nerves. If there's any disappointment here it's the script's mutation of Liotta from masculine archetype to individuated aberration which robs the film of its potential to *truly* terrorize.



A STRANGER AMONG US - (d) Sidney Lumet (1992): Whilst ardently researching the role of a tough, battle-scarred New York City cop who dons Hasidic garments in an effort to uncover the perpetrator of a murder committed during the course of a diamond heist, Talmudic scholar Melanie Griffith confessed to reporters that she had discovered some shocking facts about Germany's favorite minority group. "I didn't know that six million Jews were killed. That's a lot of people." No kidding Melanie. What do you think the "final solution" was all about? Baby formulas? Well, with this kind of intelligence involved you can probably imagine - well, maybe you can't - how moronic and excruciatingly boring this witless thriller is. Why anyone would cast Betty-Boop-voiced Griffith as a cop is beyond me but then Lumet is the guy who thought he could build a comedic love story around Alan King and Ali McGraw in 1979's *Just Tell Me What You Want*. One can for the hilarious miscasting of Ms. Don Johnson in what might possibly be a career ending performance.



THE VAGRANT - (d) Chris Walas (1992): The always amusing Bill Paxton (*Aliens*, *The Dark Backwards*) stars as Graham Krakowski - say it fast - a nerdy, uptight computer analyst who buys a home in a dilapidated neighborhood and then begins to rapidly go insane thanks to unwanted visits from a frighteningly mangy bum. Nicely building on the fear and paranoia lurking in the basement of every suburban home owner, Walas (*Fly II*) constructs a likeable, sophomoric satire that collapses only during the final fifteen minutes or so. But by then you've been treated to madness, murder, mutilation, much mirth and an inspired eccentric turn by Paxton. And come to think of it, the whole supporting cast is pretty funny particularly Michael Ironside as the paleolithic police lieutenant, Ralph Barfus. Executive producer is Mel Brooks who should stick to the business side of movie making as *The Vagrant* is miles above anything he's done in years.



IN A GLASS CAGE - (d) Agustin Villaronga (1989): Inexplicably, this depraved Spanish flick, which has long been available on video, has suddenly begun popping up in art houses all across the country. Why repertory theater owners think that *haute culture* types would flock to see a film about an iron-lung bound, former Nazi-child-torturer-murderer whose household is being usurped by a sadistic, bi-sexual teenage psychotic I don't know. What I do know is that in the next couple of months you're going to see a lot of high brow critics throwing around names like Joseph Losey, Havelock Ellis, Harold Pinter et al. and discussing weighty themes such as the nature of the relationship between master and slave, lover and beloved, where sex leaves off and sadism begins, psychological versus somatic imprisonment and so on, ad infinitum, ad absurdum. Don't let these *soi disant* scholars discourage you. For me, and in all probability, for you, onanism, pedophilia, frottage, sadism, and ritual

murder does not spell A-R-T. It spells S-L-E-A-Z-E.



COOL WORLD - (d) Ralph Bakshi



shi (1992): Personally, I think *this* world would be a hell of a lot cooler if brainless cretin Ralph Bakshi wasn't in it. Why Tinseltown has failed to recognize Ralph's appalling lack of talent is a puzzlement. But Hollywood works in mysterious ways and so we find Bakshi able to release flop after flop after flop - *Coonskin*, *Hey, Good Lookin'*, *Fire and Ice* - re-emerging after each fiasco, phoenix like, with a larger production budget and still larger distribution deal. Paramount was the sucker this time (they even paid to produce a video game in connection with this clunker) and what they got for their millions was a non-story of a cartoonist named Jack Deebs (Gabriel Byrne) who gets sucked into his own comic book world and falls in love with one of his own characters (Kim Basinger) in the process. Unfortunately for Jack, his "cool world" forbids copulation between cartoons and humans. Unfortunately for us, that's about all there is to this uneasy mixture of cartoon and live action. I suppose some inveterate dope smokers and comic book shop habitués will be amused by the animation and the set design, a kind of mean-spirited post-modern Terrytoons, but in a movie over one hundred minutes long this is simply not enough. And hey, Ralph, what's your problem? You make a feature length film about sex and the imagination and don't even give us a soupcon of nudity? What? Were the cartoons too shy to take off their clothes? And speaking of cartoons, Brad Pitts' James Dean imitation is so bad that I thought I saw some of the animated characters wincing in

embarrassment. Whatever you do Brad, don't quit your day job.



GUN CRAZY - (d) Tamra Davis



(1992): Drew Barrymore can thank the Gods she's still young. An older actress, even one of great stature, might not survive the release of back to back bombs like *Poison Ivy* and *Gun Crazy*. Originally shown on cable, this abominable remake of the 1949 Joseph Lewis classic (recently released on video) was given a limited release on the art house circuit in a sleazy attempt by its producers to pick up a few extra bucks from the unwary. It didn't work as even the bohemian types refused to go for this post-modern noir drama of a lonely girl in love with an ex-con who shares her passion for firearms. Drew is appropriately sultry as the dim-witted town slut but as her sociopathic lover, James LeGross is about as appealing as a bowl of oatmeal. And, needless to say, about as good an actor. Ione Skye and Michael Ironside are wasted in bit parts. Two cans for Barrymore's brief - yes, we're in wuv wiv hur - wet t-shirt scene.



SNEAKERS - (d) Phil Alden Robinson (1992): So what can we expect from a heist comedy-drama which makes computers the stars? Right! A film that bytes any way you look at it. Look, I don't speak computerese and I'm not going to learn. It's not English anyway. What I could glean from this stultifying and terribly uninvolved flick was that Robert Redford, the owner of a hip,

high-tech surveillance firm is blackmailed by some supposed government types into purloining a computer chip capable of accessing computer networks across the country. These government types actually turn out to be a nefarious underworld organization headed by the dangerous looking Ben Kingsley who wish to use the chip in a plan to destroy information banks around the world thereby erasing the line between rich and poor. Sounds good to us. Redford and his cohorts however, who include Sidney Poitier and Dan Akroyd, believing that both rich and poor have their place in the world (q.v. *Luke 6:20*) devise an incredibly elaborate (and tiresome) plan to retrieve the chip and ensure that the status quo stays status quo. Hackwork for brain dead hackers only.



RAPID FIRE - (d) Dwight Little (1992):

They certainly spent a lot of money on Brandon "R.I.P." Lee's first starring role: cars routinely crash into one another as if it were a demolition derby, expensive sets and furnishings are destroyed about every fifteen minutes and more rounds of ammo are expended than were used in the invasion of Panama. Some fairly expensive character actors were employed as well: Nick Mancuso, Powers Booth and a whole host of "Look-it's-that-guy" types, staples of middle to high budget action flicks. It's a shame, then, that the folks at 20th Century Fox didn't think it worth their while to spend a dime on a decent script. Alright, maybe we don't expect much in the way of story when we're talking about a martial arts flick but we do expect a *little* exposition. For example: What was Lee doing in Tianan-



men Square during the massacre and how did he survive and manage to make it to the United States? How is our hero, an impoverished college student, supposed to destroy a Chinese drug cartel *and* the Mob armed only with his "fists of fury"? Realizing that his screenplay has more holes than a piece of swiss cheese, director Little keeps things moving at a fairly rapid pace managing to hold our interest with deftly choreographed fight scenes and cleverly edited bits of violence. And without getting too bathetic, I'd just like to say, for the record, that Mr. Lee was a marvelously graceful martial artist who possessed a certain boyish charm that was reminiscent at times of his legendary dad. Ozzy mourns his loss.



WHISPERS IN THE DARK - (d)

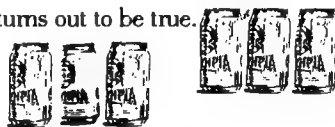
Christopher Crowe (1992): I had no idea psychiatry could be so exciting. Take the case of Dr. Anne Hector. She gets to sit in this nicely appointed Park Avenue office and have hot blondes (Deborah Unger) strip and masturbate in front of her and hot-under-the-collar ethnic artists (John Leguizamo) give impromptu art shows featuring sado-masochistic depictions of hot blondes. For this she gets paid upwards of three hundred dollars an hour! But because Dr. Hector secretly hates her father she has to go and mess everything up by falling in love with someone who reminds her of daddy dearest. Which isn't such a bad thing I suppose except that this guy is the blonde office stripper's lover and no sooner does the blonde make the discovery that she's being two timed than she winds up dead. And of course it's Dr. Hector's lover who is the prime suspect. It all gets terribly and needlessly complicated from here, but director Crowe manages to hold our attention by force feeding us oodles and oodles of kinkiness. However, the real reason you'll want to rent this tape is to watch Alan Alda manfully attempt to work a sea change on his absurdly sensitive, feminist-hugging persona by doing

such nasty things as back-handing Jill Clayburgh across the face with a wine bottle. (And who hasn't dreamed of doing that?)



DANCE WITH DEATH - (d)

Charles Phillips Moore (1992): When you're so drunk that you're having trouble focusing on the television set much less following a plot, you're willing to settle for very little: some nice looking babes, a few grisly murders and some laughably bad acting especially if some of it is by faded hot properties like Maxwell Caulfield. Adjudged by these pitiful standards, this flick is nothing less than a blockheaded masterpiece. Here, sprightly, spirited, girl-next-door type Barbara Alyn Woods plays a newspaper reporter posing as a stripper in order to uncover the identity of serial killer preying on ecdysiasts. Rump wrangler Caulfield is the pretty boy cop who falls for her. None of this, of course, matters because the real stars are the three billion bared breasts, the delightfully shaped asses and the kinky and not-so-kinky soft core sex sequences employed to pad the almost non-existent story. Besides, you've got to love a flick which tells you, before you've even seen them, that its star has perfect mammaries and it actually turns out to be true.



MATINEE - (d) Joe Dante (1992):

Here's a real horror picture: a movie made by a man weaned on little more than *Famous Monsters Of Filmland* and 50s horror films. Yes, it's brain-dead Joe Dante fresh from the triumph that was *Gremlins 2* returning with this vapid mix of coming-of-age comedy and monster movie satire. Set in Key West during the week of the Cuban Missile Crisis, *Matinee* fitfully tells the story of a lonely but moderately cool teenager's attempts to ingratiate himself with a down-on-his-luck exploitation director (John Goodman) who has come to the resort town to promote his latest film. The film is *MANT* - Half Man! Half

Ant! All Terror! - with which Dante tortures us during most of the second half of the film. Neither the script-writers nor the semi-literate Dante seem to realize that the schlocky 50s films they're paroding are perfect jokes in and of themselves requiring no further comment. I mean, would you exaggerate the shortcomings of an Ed Wood film? Or of *Mommy Dearest*? John Goodman as the William Castle figure and Cathy Moriarty as his cynical, B-movie queen girlfriend bring a little life to these tired proceedings, but this is a film that only Forry Ackerman worshipers could love.



BAD LIEUTENANT - (d) Abel Ferrara (1992):



sticks with what he does best, expressing heartfelt contempt, especially contempt for women, his films are delirious cartoons, constantly shocking and amusing us with their inadvertent revelations of self-loathing and self-disgust. Whether it's motivated by a necessity to gain funding or by his own need to assuage his feelings of guilt and inferiority, Ferrara sometimes feels compelled, as in this outing, to inject a bogus subtext of female superiority and pseudo-religious profundity as justification for his innate love of violence and depravity. With that little graduate film school exegesis out of the way, Ozzy feels not at all amiss in informing you that he thoroughly enjoyed watching Harvey Keitel's portrayal of a hopelessly corrupt NYC police officer passing the torch to a new generation of pinheaded rapists after indulg-

ing in all manner of vice - crack smoking, heroin mainlining, masturbating with two teenage girls, playing airplane with stoned lesbian hookers, draining seemingly endless quantities of vodka and, most horrifying of all, betting prodigious sums on a Tommy-Lasorda-managed Dodger team. Gnashing his teeth and ululating like some feral misfit, Keitel gives such an outlandish performance that it's virtually impossible to suppress the giggles even when he's talking to Jesus. In fact, if you look closely enough you can catch the Son of Man in one scene biting His lower lip and clenching and unclenching his fists in a God-like effort to control His almost hysterical glee.



DELICATESSEN - (d) Jean-Pierre Jeunot (1992): Jeunot as well as I do that the French are not funny. This is the reason they worship Jerry Lewis and Jacques Tati, comedians to whom the average person with a well developed sense of humor would not even give the time of day. Most American film critics love all things French especially Jacques Tati which shows not only that they are pompous twits but that they too have no sense of humor. So of course this terribly unfunny, post-apocalyptic comedy about cannibals in a boarding house on the outskirts of Paris received glowing reviews and won all sorts of awards in this country. A number of reviewers hedged their bets by using terms like stylish farce, harlequinade, and *l'humour noir*. Let me translate this for you: I didn't laugh once but I don't want my associates in the critical community to think I'm an uneducated boob.



THE SNIPER - (d) Luis Llosa (1992): I've always wanted to know whether genius runs in a family or whether it's just a fortuitous confluence of random genes so when I heard that this movie was made by the cousin of that great South American man of letters Mario Vargas

Llosa, I ran to the local cineplex to check it out. Well, after seeing this flick let me just offer you some advice: If you and your wife are dolts don't waste your money at the sperm bank buying Einstein or Ozzy's frozen semen. It ain't gonna help. You and your mate are better off spinning Dame Fortune's wheel and taking your chances. Oh, and speaking of spinning your wheels, this flick has Tom Berenger as a hardened marine assassin running around the Panamanian jungle with inexperienced NSC marksman Billy Zane. They're supposed to eliminate a drug dealing general who has eyes on the Canal but by the time you've gotten through all the male bonding, the tedious monologues on the "rush" that follows the pulling of the trigger and the numerous sub-plots, you'll have long since forgotten that. In fact, you'll probably be hoping, as I did, that these two nitwits would fall into a bog or be devoured by some savage jungle animal just so things would liven up a little. The sequences in which we're allowed to either ride on or be on the receiving end of a fragmenting bullet are nice but for the most part do as little to salvage this twaddle as the similar arrow scenes did for *Robin Hood*, *Prince of Thieves*.



CANDYMAN - (d) Bernard Rose (1992): No, it's not the long awaited screen-bio of Sammy Davis, Jr., it's something much more frightening: a full-length horror feature from the man who gave us that tiresome dark fantasy called *Paperhouse*, er *Paperhouse*. This one starts off promisingly enough with Virginia Madsen, a rather pompous graduate student, prowling Chicago's notorious Cabrini Green housing project in an effort to dig up some dirt on the titular character, a mythological killer who preys on the slum's residents; but it quickly degenerates into confusing tedium. The fault for this must be laid at the feet of director Rose who seems unsure of which of his many puissant themes - the male sex as dark primal force, black man as for-

bidden fantasy lover, repressed anger as doorway into madness, the importance of myth in primitive cultures - to fruitfully explore. Thus, the tone and the subject matter of his film appear to change not only from minute to minute but from sequence to sequence. A shame really, since the movie's *mise en scene* is spirited and genuinely haunting, the musical score by one-trick-pony Phillip Glass appropriately disquieting and the art direction beautifully creepy. And we get to see Madsen's magnificent breasts not once but twice.



UNDER SIEGE - (d) Andrew Davis (1992): Ozzy had high hopes



for Steven Seagal's initial foray into the world of the big-budget spectacular, not because of any of the creative talents involved mind you, but because Seagal's previous pecuniarily parsimonious potboiler, *Out For Justice*, was such a marvelously frenzied and meaningless exercise in masculine assertiveness. This travesty, however, is a purposeless recitation of pat formula, a poorly directed piece of meandering nonsense populated with insipid ciphers of suspect motivations running around a battleship for reasons which remain mercifully obscure. Gary Busey provides a few chuckles by prancing around in drag but discards his dress far too early in the proceedings while lubricious kewpie doll Erika Eleniak discards hers far too late. Tommy Lee Jones tries his manful best in the thankless role of a drole, psychopathic former CIA operative turned harmonica-wielding hippie, chewing the scenery as if it were made out of

smokeless tobacco but like Busey, is given far too little to do. Instead we are asked to watch Seagal give new meaning to the word wooden as he fecklessly attempts to recreate Bruce Willis' performance in *Die Hard*, while making the world safe for George Bush and his coterie of swine.

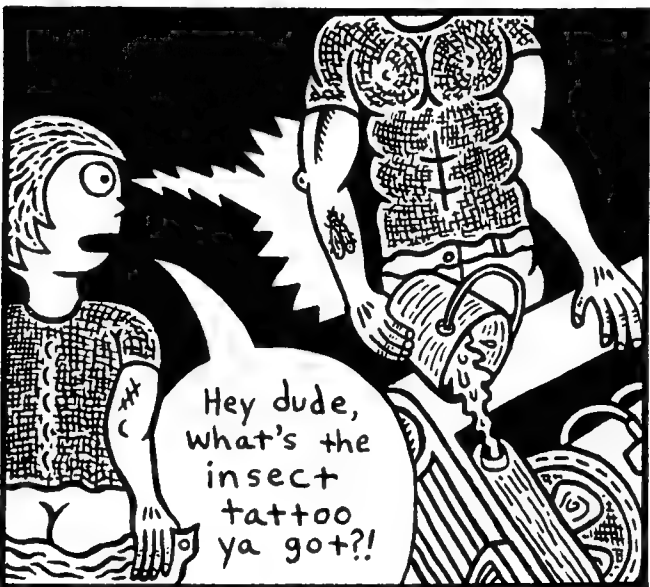
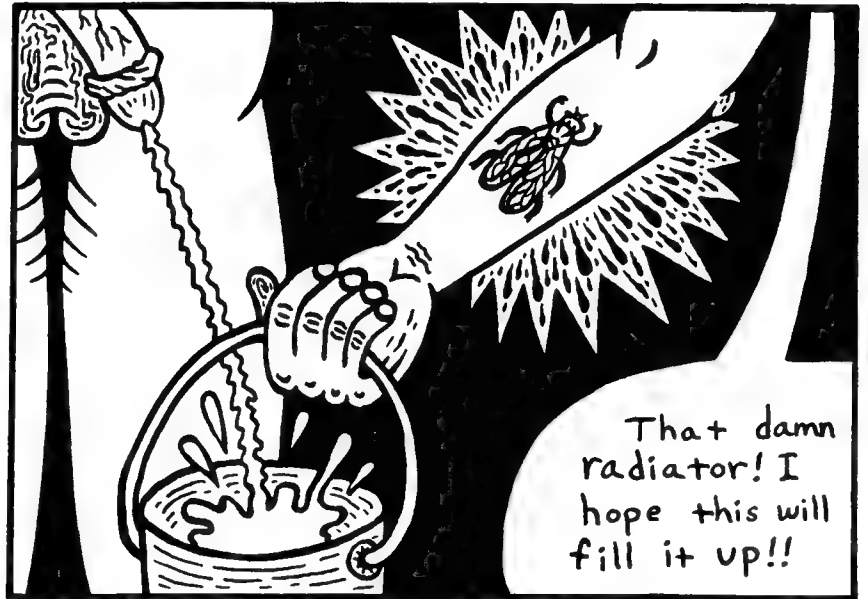
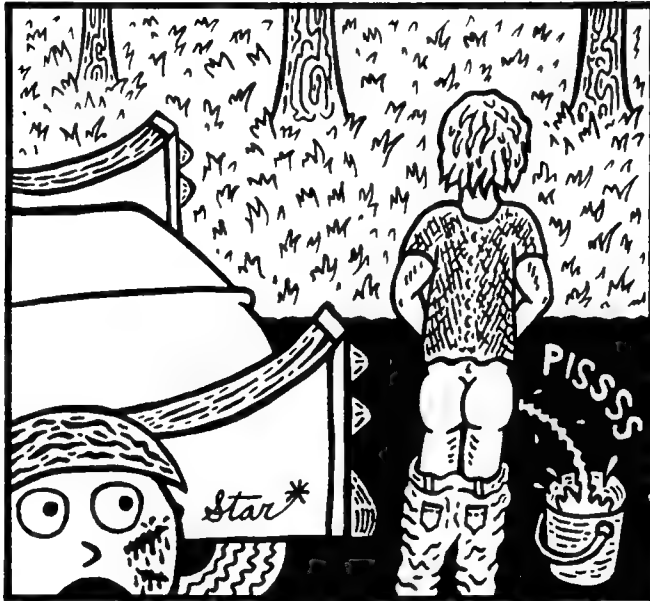


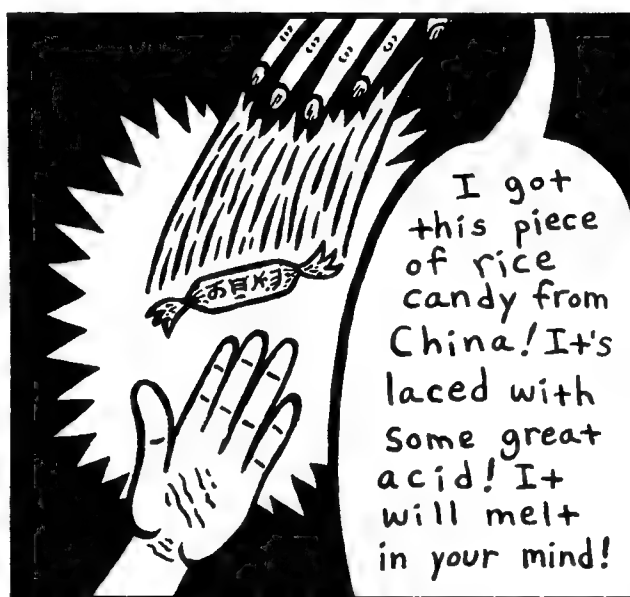
POINT OF NO RETURN - (d) John Badham (1993): Take my word for it: There will be a "point of no return" for you should you be foolish enough to attend this pointless and excruciatingly dull remake of *La Femme Nikita*. It will come about seventy minutes into the movie, after one of the interminable romantic interludes between Dewitt Mulrooney and Bridget Fonda. You'll find yourself getting up from your seat with the idea of taking a break and then while walking into the lobby you'll realize that there's no reason to stop moving until you've reached your car. For those of you who have been living in a vacuum jar the last couple of years, *Nikita* was a turgid little melodrama centering on the exploits of a homicidal brat (played here by Bridget Fonda) abducted by a secret government agency and forcibly transmogrified into an alluring assassin, a literal *femme fatale*. *Return* follows essentially the same plotline but it has the added detractions of abysmal direction by John Badham who orchestrates the proceedings in his usual hamfisted and cloying manner and of a number of remarkably uninteresting performances from a talented cast which includes Gabriel Byrne, Anne Bancroft, Miguel Ferrer and Harvey Keitel (as "The Cleaner"). As for our putative star, well, we'd be remiss if we failed to tell you that we're mystified as to why Mr. Badham and his scriptwriters have chosen to be so priggish about displaying Bridget's ample charms.

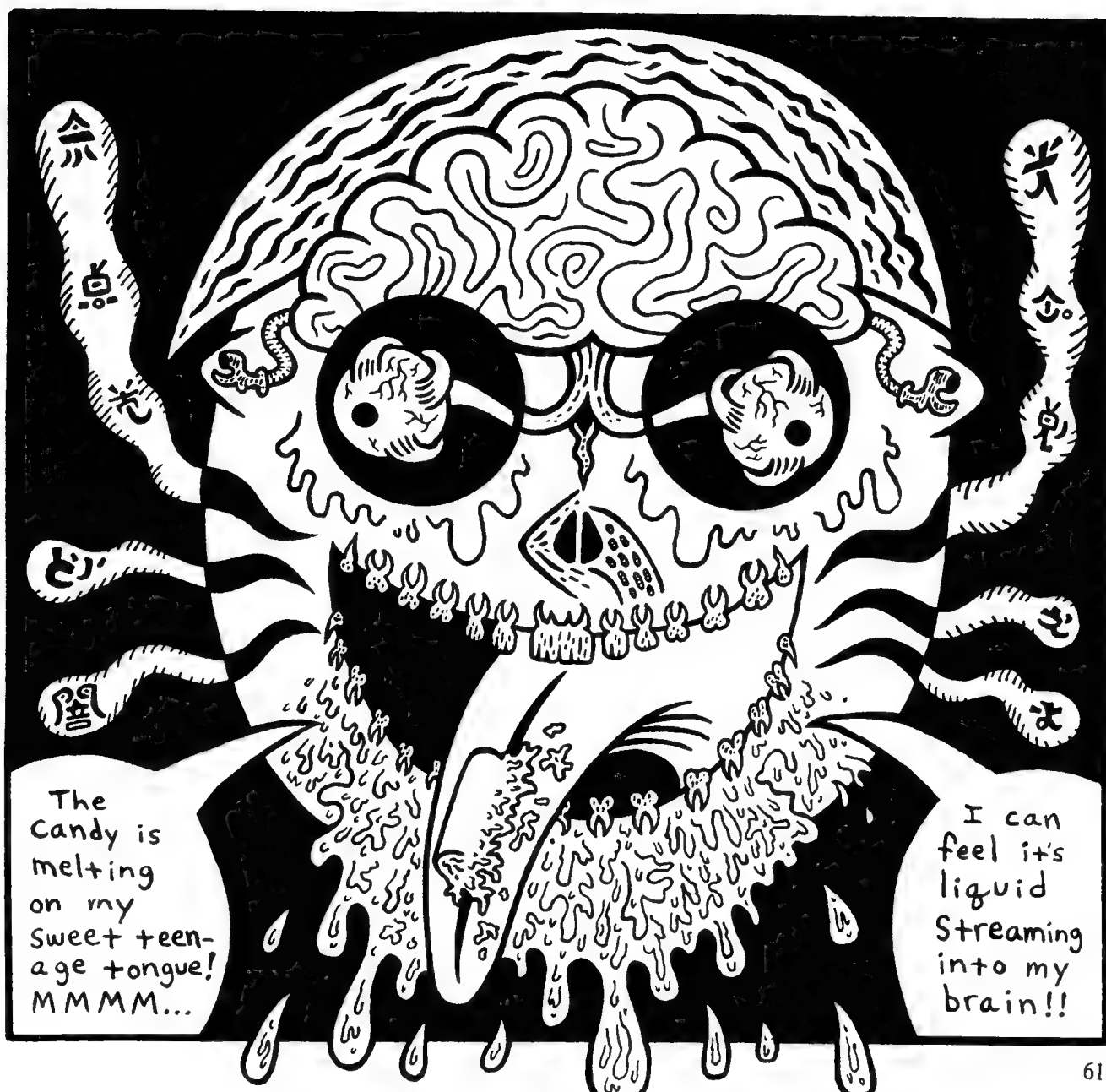
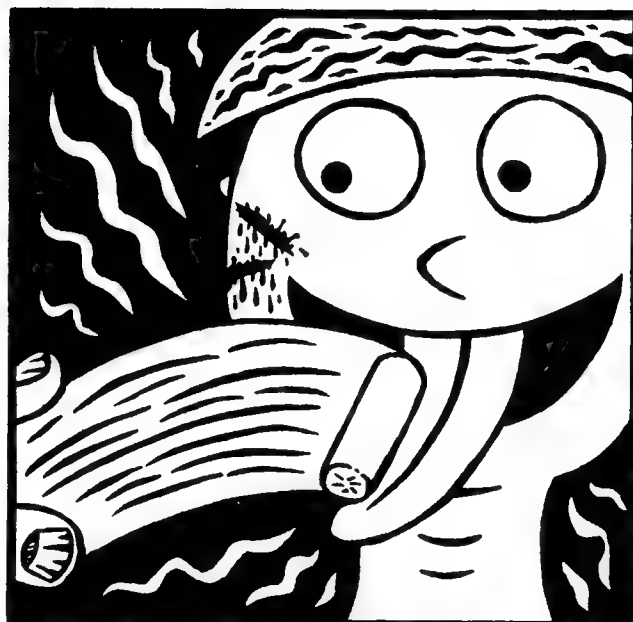
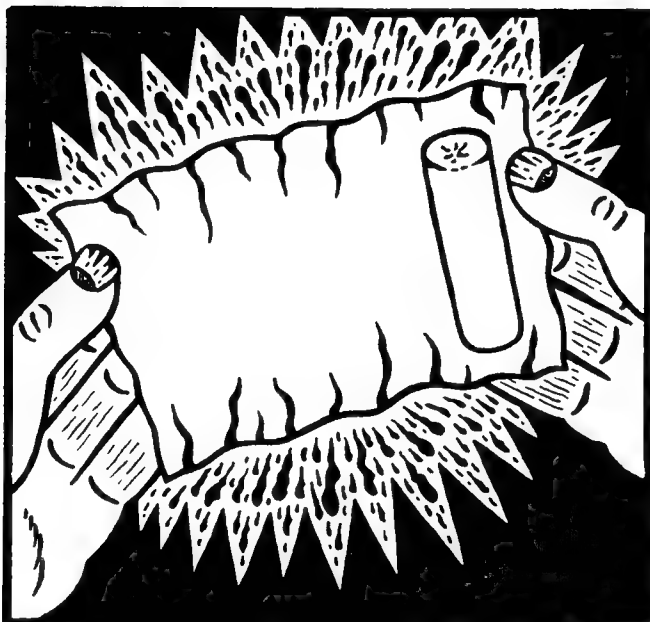


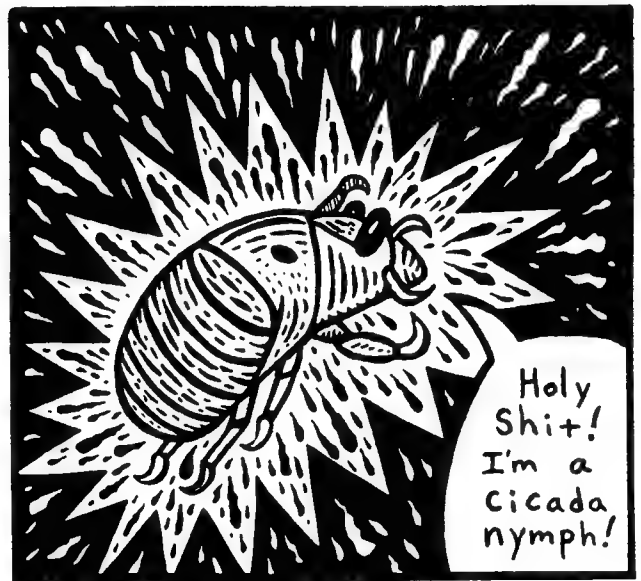
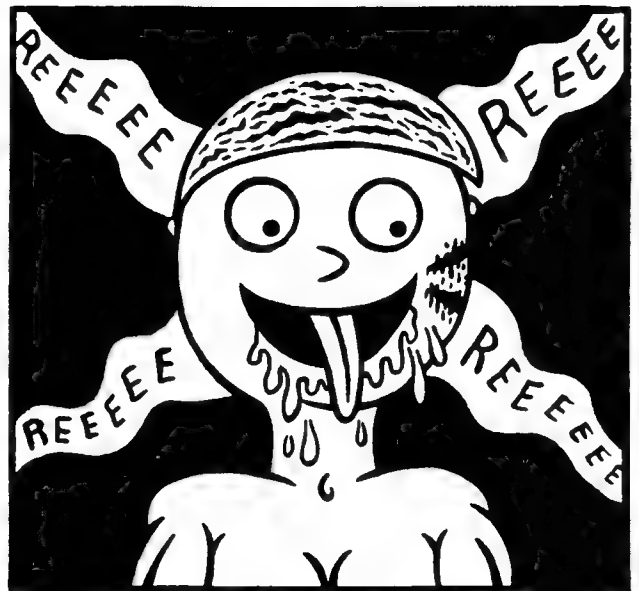
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MIKE DIANA'92

Low Life: Lures and Snares of Old New York

Luc Sante

Farrar Straus Giroux (1991)

By Sally S. Eckhoff

Siegfried Sassoon said that in the innermost silences of the heart, we know the world for what it is, and ourselves for what the world has made us. A particularly savory place to chew this one over is in a Lower East Side tenement kitchen, relaxing in the tub, gazing at the shabby ornateness of a typical, late 19th century hovel. The pressed tin ceilings and curlicued wood moldings only make a decrepit interior more depressing, and it takes an indefatigable personality to see the beauty in it. Luc Sante fell in love with Loisaida after ten years of living here, and his *Low Life* is an enthusiastic chronicle of the years between 1840 and 1919, when the old Collect Pond was paved over, our very first slum was built on it, and the poor poured in by the thousands.

This is a boisterous, unglamorous period largely lost to collective memory, and Sante takes much pleasure in identifying its remains. His joy in his subject is obvious, as is the thoroughness of his research. Sante is one writer who's a bookworm and an outsider, and proud of it. He has gotten past the tendency of slumming observers to perceive squalidity as somehow morally or aesthetically instructive. In fact, Sante seems capable of falling sloppily in love with bad neighborhoods on a nightly basis, probably after a couple of hours of perusing old police gazettes, walking desolate stretches of the Bowery, and pounding a few beers.

That New York has no golden years to return to might bring present-day reformers up short. For instance, the area between the Battery and 14th Street is the Vatican City now compared with what it was at the turn of the century. In the numerous flophouses, needled beer was doctored with denatured alcohol, malt residue, camphor, and benzene, "so that at least some of the guests must have become permanent, if not eternal." In joints like the Fourth Ward Hotel, the art of the knockout was perfected, and trapdoors were thoughtfully added to the architecture so bodies could be slipped directly into the East River. "Peter players" administered morphine, laudanum, and eventually chloral hydrate to those already thoroughly drunk so they could be beaten and robbed. The Mickey Finn, which was first concocted in the 1890s, became duly famous, though nobody seems to know what was in it.

Vice having become something of an urban institution by the end of the Civil War, New York could be counted on for variety. Sante devotes one of the book's four sections to organized societies of expression and repression; his accounts of clubhouses, crooked politicians, and cops on the take are every bit

as toothsome and nasty as *Low Life's* more personal tales of failure and decay. (Eight years after he achieved national fame, Stephen Foster drank his way to obscurity, then death at 38, in the hallway of a Bowery flophouse.) Graft not only flourished in New York; it gave the city much of what we think of as its character, as well as some of its most famous tourist spots. Bowery cops were paid not to notice downtown sin-fests like Billy McGlory's Armory Hall (with its "private can-can exhibitions"). But the plum takes in police work were elsewhere, especially in the 42nd Street district, where the denizens had much more money to throw around.

For all-out corruption on the popular level, East 14th Street's Tammany Hall (now demolished) remains unsurpassed. Tammany was, in fact, nothing more than an overgrown Bowery social club. Downtown owes as much of its identity to social clubs as to poisonous bars - its "blind tigers," "shock houses," and "deadfalls." The clubs, whose sole purpose was to provide legal and illegal entertainment at a profit that the owners would liberally skim, could not have existed at all without the cooperation of unscrupulous law enforcement officials. There were so many social clubs that you could attend a "ball" almost every night, thrown by such local luminaries as the Limburger Roarers, the Soup Greens, and the Jolly 48. Some private clubs doubled as fire-fighting companies (there were no public ones at the time), and from these combined influences, the Bowery Boy style took shape. Those caricatures still found on menus and matchbooks, for instance - bartenders with handlebar moustaches, Irish flatfeet, sneaking crooks in striped jerseys and racoon-eye masks - emanated from a notorious culture that died well before World War II, but was still inspiring romanticized movies as late as 1957.

The awe and accumulated prejudice that make up the Bowery's reputation have stuck, long after its temptations have disappeared. Deadly dives such as Kit Burns' Rat Pit and McGurk's Suicide Hall (where it was said that six people offed themselves in the course of just one year) have been gone since the early 1900s. Now the Bowery only boasts two bars, but it still seems widely and quaintly held that this sordid strip is the last stop on earth for drinkers; the good but weak go there to be swallowed alive.

The Bowery produced a dress code, a promenading dance called the "hard walk" that became the subject of competitions that sometimes ended in riots, and a language that became synonymous with New York itself. Sante favors a spelling that he says follows an Irish pronunciation - "b'hoy" for boy, and even reproduces some lyrics and dialogue from sleazy Bowery stage shows. Some slangy pronunciations are still with us - *dese*, *dem*, and *dose* are all b'hoy expressions. The misplaced *r*, as in *merchine*, is much less linguistically expedient and may have moved to Queens as Bowery culture began to disperse. The balls and clubs became increasingly politicized;

crooked cops and saloon-keepers got their hooks firmly into running the city. The idea of honest government was about as useful to some titans of commerce as a whistle on a plow.

Drug use, and the official contemporary attitudes toward it, is a particularly pertinent example of what Sante calls "historical amnesia": it's far from a recent phenomenon. *Low Life* cites statistics on opium exportation out of Turkey by the British Levant Company, and out of China by the British East India Company, from as far back as 1840. The greater notoriety that drugs attained after 1870 was probably due to a number of factors, which included increased morphine use after the Civil War, the linking of drug reforms to sensational pornography-busting, and the influx of the Chinese. The Asian population came slowly to New York, then exploded - in 1880 there were said to be only 700 Chinese here; ten years later, there were between 12,000 and 13,000. But unlike Civil War casualties, the Chinese could be isolated as a source of moral corruption. The Asian population did bring opium consumption with it, but it was the skill of British importers and tongs (organized criminal societies that are, Sante argues, "entirely an American phenomenon") that ensured opium's spread not only among the Americans, but among the Chinese as well.

Journalists and reformers were fond of citing "the horrors of Chinatown." Around 1870, one hysterical source reported the number of opium smokers and eaters in New York at 90,000. But it wasn't until 1896 that Stephen Crane reported the number at 25,000, which is much more likely. Not that opium dens weren't popular - most were downtown, of course, but there were places in the 40s, many of which catered exclusively to white hophead gentry, including showgirls and



celebrities. In the blues tune "Minnie the Moocher," the eponymous hootchie-kootcher got her pleasure from "kickin' the gong [or the dog] around." Cocaine was popular entertainment, and by the turn of the century was being snorted through rubber tubes. One midtown club had a tree garlanded with these "burny hoses." Heroin was quite innocently introduced by the Bayer company as a cough suppressant, and caught on so quickly that, according to Sante's sources, "by 1916 it was estimated that one-third of the city's habitual drug users were addicted to it." Until the 1930s, drug reforms didn't do much but raise prices of imports, since the antidrug movement and the forces of prohibition couldn't agree on what, if anything, to do. Harry Anslinger, of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, changed all that, or tried to, by launching an antidrug crusade that drove self-medication underground.

Sante's efforts to unlink criminality and nostalgia provide this book with some of its best moments, but he also caters to a public taste that may be too delicate to deal with the graphic evidence that could strip the sepia-toned quaintness from his characters. And his own sensibilities seem to have prevented him from really wrestling with the two elements of city life that are the most accurate barometers of its quality: smell and sound. Sante's Bowery garbage does not stink. Those trouble boys with their vendettas, parlor-house ladies, crooked cops, and hopheads add an element of "realness" to Sante's book that seems almost stagy. The barrelhouse rhythms of names like Gallus Mag, Blonde Madge Davenport, and Big Feet Louie Garden are almost too colorful to be true. Were these people really cavorting at the same time Mark Twain was writing in his uptown hotel room, upset because it was snowing too hard for him to go out and buy cigars? It may be straining at gnats to complain that the language of the Bowery never really comes to life in this book, but it's distracting, as is an inclination of the author toward dizzy philosophizing.

In a particularly telling section on tourism, Sante examines the migration of middle-class bohemia to places like the Lower East Side. It may go in and out of fashion, but the impetus seems to be "a complicated concatenation of motives that include the old allure of exotica and frisson, the wish to cleanse oneself, the pioneer spirit . . . and, of course, the search for a bargain." Gentrification, in other words. *Low Life* lingers on the concept, allowing it to sink in. You can supply your own idea of the degree of base motivation involved. The forces of good don't often have much to work with downtown. I particularly relished Sante's point that the Bowery is the only major thoroughfare in the city never to have had a church built on it. It does have CBGB, and that's holy enough for me.



Kiss Your Ass Goodbye

Charles Willeford

Dennis McMillan (1987)

by Dom Salemi

Somehow this Willeford novel slipped through the cracks. Maybe because it was published during the period when Charles was pushing his Hoke Mosley series. Maybe because it was published by an obscure company which didn't have the muscle or wherewithal to promote the book properly. Maybe because, in its style and subject matter, *Kiss* resembled Willeford's earlier, more primitive work. I don't know. What I do know, what I can tell you is that this is a terrific read. It's kind of a black comedy but it has a subtle undertone of glib hatefulness that makes it all rather unsettling.

Kiss is the story of Hank, a drug salesman working the southeastern territory of Florida, a position that, thanks to his being highly overqualified, has become something of a sinecure. So Hank is clever, he feels he can handle any and every situation. He tells us that in so many words. He also tells us that he considers himself the best cocksman in the city of Miami. But we know this is bullshit because as he's telling us all this he's on the run from some guy. A guy who thinks Hank's been sleeping with his wife, Jannaire, and who doesn't seem to care whether it's true or not. He just wants Hank dead. But not right away. Before he pulls the trigger or plants the bomb, the hubby intends to make Hank's life a living hell. So Hank, clever, glib, lady-killer Hank, has a choice, he can continue to run and live in fear or he can act like a man and try to put the kibosh on the whole sordid business.

Willeford has penned a novel that is witty, suspenseful, harshly humorous, ironic and oh yes, misogynistic, written with a wonderfully measured economy. And in Jannaire, he's given us one of his most memorable - maybe his only memorable - woman character. An atavistic female who has the musky scent of "woman" reeking of:

*primeval swamp, dark guanoed caves,
sea water in movement, armpit sweat,
mangroves at low tide, Mayan sacrificial
blood, Bartolin glands, Dial soap, mul-
berry leaves, jungle vegetation, saffron,
kittens in a cardboard box, Y.W.C.A. vol-
leyball courts, conch shells, under-
ground Atlanta, the Isle of Lesbos, and
sheer joy . . .*

Yeah, she's memorable all right but she's dangerous; all atavistic creatures are dangerous. So the question becomes not whether Hank will figure this out too late - his description of Jannaire shows that he already understands her true nature - but whether he is as "dangerous" as the primordial female with whom he has fallen in love. The answer, which doesn't come until the final page, will both surprise, horrify and amuse you.

Candy Darling

Candy Darling

Hanuman Books (1992)

by Cole Gagne

Candy Darling was a striking, platinum-blond, Garboesque actress and comedienne who appeared in the Andy Warhol/Paul Morrissey films *Flesh* (1968) and *Women In Revolt* (1972), and graced the pages of *Vogue* and *Photoplay* before her untimely death from cancer in 1974. But at her birth on November 24, 1944, she was a boy named James Slattery. Candy recorded some of the distance she traveled between those two points in journals which she kept during the early '70s. Those writings have recently been published by Hanuman Press, the people who make those little 3-x-4 inch books of unavailable stuff by some of the best writers of our time - Genet, Kerouac, Burroughs - as well as by such welcome provocateurs as Nick Zedd, Cookie Mueller, Taylor Mead, and Jack Smith.

The book *Candy Darling* makes for a fascinating, funny, and touching read. Along with the make-up hints, formulae for lightening her hair, and recipes for borscht and turkey salad, you'll find Candy's notes for dramatic scenarios (always of domestic heterosexual conflict), wisecracks for every occasion ("I've brushed off more men than the porter at the Waldorf"), and drafts of letters to family, friends, and even actress Yvonne DeCarlo, to whom Candy offers advice after seeing her on TV's *Movie Game*: "That jacket is awful, throw it out. You should never squint."

Wisely, the editors have left Candy's prose intact; they've repaired neither her spelling nor her grammar, and so have heightened her special blend of the child-like and the worldly. The person who was so dazzled by reruns of *Route 66* that she had to write the network and say, "God bless television," was also the person who would decline to visit her family, explaining, "the rejection will hurt. But it can never hurt me as much as I can hurt myself by not being myself . . . You must always be yourself no matter what the price. It is the highest form of morality." Unfortunately, Candy didn't write much about her family or her childhood, other than to note, "The children always referred to me as Marilyn Monroe or Greta Garbo." (When the adult Candy boarded the bus and paid only two dimes, the driver said, "It's thirty cents Greta.") She did jot down some choice gossip, however - not surprisingly, in a welter of dropped names: "Jane Fonda's husband Roger Vadim who was married to Brigitte Bardot is in love with me. I was out with him last night . . . He kisses me and holds me in public because he is truly innocent and cares not what people think. I always feel I have to protect him. We have not been to bed together."

The book reveals that Candy, like most transgendered people in America, suffered deeply conflicted feelings about herself. Tired of being lonely, un-

happy, and ridiculed, she could be shaken by her conversation with a girlfriend who was in analysis: "She said the reason we are the way we are is that we did not have suitable male identities while we were growing up. And just because we did not have suitable male identities is no reason for us to think we are women. Perhaps she is right. She says it is \$30 per visit and it would help. Maybe God is speaking to me through Taffy." Ultimately, Candy could never abandon what she describes as "my identity as being a male who has assumed the attitudes and somewhat the emotions of a female." She knew it was her path to the success she longed for: "I must do whatever furthers my career, I must take the steps necessary to further my ability to function on the highest level I can operate on. I operate better as a woman." And she could operate that way with fewer illusions than you might think: "I am not a genuine woman but I am not interested in genuineness. I'm interested in the product of being a woman and how qualified I am."

Also intriguing are Candy's misgivings about feminism: "Betty Friedan and Gloria Steinem . . . come across very hard to me and I don't like hardness especially in women . . . I can't forget the visual image of her [Friedan] standing on a platform in Bryant Park like a field marshal." A devotee of glamour, Candy naturally would have resisted certain aspects of the women's movement, which trashes the mystifications men have created around the female sex. In some ways, she's a perfect example of the person who embraces and lives out male stereotypes of femininity. But remember, Candy was writing at a time when divisiveness between women and transgendered men - for that matter, between gay men and transgendered men - was at its height: Lesbian feminists actually had transvestites barred from participating in Gay Pride Marches during the early '70s. (Nowadays, lesbians, bisexuals, gay men, and the transgendered are more alert as to who the real enemies are; the term "queer" has gained favor because it embraces all four subgroups, and resists attempts by the white-het-male power structure to encourage conflict among queers as well as between queers and women, people of color, the poor . . .)

Operating without that kind of solidarity, it's inevitable that even someone as uniquely talented and attractive as Candy could be watching the *Newlywed Game* on tv and be moved to write, "I'm glad to see some people that are happy even though I can never be happy." But she was also sensible enough to note to herself, "do not allow the mind to be affected by the world." Her refusal to lower her mentality to other peoples' level is inspirational, and is beautifully expressed a few pages later: "I know I'm destined for stardom because when I walk along the street I sometimes see people staring at me and pointing . . . last week I went to IFA and was so *glamorous* that I overheard a man in the outer room gasp out loud. Also the receptionist told the agent I was trying to see that 'this one must be seen to be believed.'"

The Nose Magazine

by Ernie Santilli

Enjoy Spy? If you can imagine the magazine de-NewYorkified, concentrating on subculture rather than high-profile personalities, you may have a fix on *The Nose's* slant.

The magazine is thin - 62 pages - and printed on glossy stock paper - just like *Time*. And the resemblance ends there. Instead of Man Of The Year covers, *The Nose* opts for pics of a Thailer with knitting-needle-thick rods crossing through his pierced tongue, then-President Bush's head superimposed over porn actress Hypatia Lee's naked torso, the second runner-up in a Bettie (they claim that's the correct spelling) Page lookalike contest and a two-headed, pot-smoking Clinton/Gore labeled "The Doobie Brothers."

Poking fun without being bitchy or elitist, the writers chronicle all things quirky, from the eerie (hushed up Disneyland deaths) to the silly ("The Death Curse of Della Reese") to the absurd (The Hung Jury, a dating service for well-endowed men).

No buzzwords. No pompous proclamations. No overzealous crucifixions. Just the facts, ma'am. And with the amount of high weirdness in the universe, the facts are enough.

There are numerous brief compartments in the front and back of each issue, all well written, entertaining and enlightening. Included among them are: Tourist Watch, a calendar with witty descriptions of off-beat Squaresville conventions; Nose Picks book, music and video reviews; Police Blotter, dumb-ass cop capers; and a food column supposedly penned by a crusty, retired Marine cook.

The middle section contains three-to-four page features concerning the perversely fascinating. Murderous postmen, America's obsession with storage centers, funeral industry inside info, the history of Spam,

Jim Rose's Circus Side-show and mondo photographer Charles Gatewood were among the 1992 Subjects.

A regular feature is The Big Lie - which is just that. Fictitious tabloid-type exposes such as Issue Twelve's "Look at Florida's man-dolphin sex scene" and Eleven's "Biosphere II - Terrarium Of Terror" are written as though they are legitimate news stories rather than satires. Despite being clearly labeled The Big Lie, the articles provoke letters from dim-wits who just don't "get it."



If you're from the "I used to be disgusted, but now I'm just amused" school, you'll get many chuckles out of *The Nose*. (1095 Market St. Ste. 812, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

The Torture Doctor

David Franke

Hawthorne Books (1975)

by Slimsey

"He was the criminal of the nineteenth century, the archfiend of America and the all-time mass killer who slaughtered by the dozen. And he was the nicest man you'd ever want to meet."

This is how Herman Webster Mudgett is described in the opening biographical sketch of Jay Robert Nash's criminal encyclopedia, *Bloodletters And Badmen*. Nash's narrative is typically colorful but all too brief; a full (and somewhat contradictory) account of Mudgett's life is available in *The Torture Doctor*, by David Franke.

Franke's thorough and highly readable book shows that Herman Mudgett was indeed the super villain of Nash's epithets; he was a swindler among swindlers, a womanizer among womanizers, a murderer among murderers; an extremely gifted sociopath whose taste for and success in his criminal pursuits makes even the most prolific of modern mass murderers look like a clumsy amateur.

Mudgett was born to conservative, religious parents in a small New Hampshire town in 1860. Upon graduating from high school, he taught for several years and married the first of his three wives, none of whom he divorced. He went on to earn a degree in medicine from the University of Michigan in 1884, but subsequently failed at several attempted careers. He eventually settled in a booming Chicago suburb named Englewood in 1886 as H. H. Holmes, one of his many aliases, where he took a job as clerk in a drug store owned by a widow. At about the same time (the dates are uncertain), Mudgett faked his own death for the insurance settlement. This type of fraud was to become a mainstay of his repertoire; the Doctor was the beneficiary of many of his murder victim's policies. Shortly after his arrival in Englewood, Mudgett murdered his employer and took over the drugstore, claiming that she had sold it to him and moved away. He then purchased a lot across from the drugstore and erected an odd-looking, ninety room, three story building on it. Holmes/Mudgett managed to avoid paying anything for the land or the construction. This building was to become known as "Holmes' Murder Castle," and was to serve as the base of his operations until his final arrest in 1894.

The Castle's ground floor contained Mudgett's drugstore and several other businesses, but the second

floor was a maze of trap doors, secret rooms and stairways, airtight or soundproof rooms - one of which was actually a large furnace - and a hidden chute for dropping bodies to the basement. The basement was equipped with such devices as surgical tools, a crematorium, a torture rack, vats of lime, a barrel of acid, and a vat of mysterious oil which was connected with valves leading to the second floor rooms. Much later, the bones of an undetermined number of humans were discovered buried beneath the floor. Human remains would also be found in a large stove Mudgett kept in his third floor office.

The bulk of the murder victims were young women: Mudgett-hired-typists, and boarders or guests in the hotel he operated on the Castle's third floor during the 1893 World's Fair. Mudgett seduced and bilked (the number is undetermined) many of his employees and boarders with get-rich-quick financial schemes before killing them. He is estimated to have hired at least one hundred typists while the Chicago Police traced approximately fifty missing visitors of their city to his hotel. All of his victims disappeared without a trace, making investigation impossible. The Doctor answered any inquiries into a victim's whereabouts by claiming that they had left the city for various reasons.

As an avid student of chemistry, Mudgett derived a particular satisfaction from the killing and disposal of his victims. He committed most of his murders by piping poisonous gas into his victims' bedrooms. Mudgett used chloroform (so much that he often ordered it more than once a day), or the fumes from a mixture of the oil in his basement with benzine, petroleum, gasoline, or kerosene. The instruments in his basement indicate that he conducted surgical experiments on prey he had killed, sedated, or paralyzed with gas. An acquaintance reported having discussed with Mudgett the use of chemicals to speed the decomposition of human flesh.

Mudgett both supported himself and a slew of chemical supply houses during his years in Englewood through his very active entrepreneurship, which consisted almost entirely of fraud. He purchased the supplies and furnishings for his drugstore and other business fronts in the Castle on credit, but paid with smiles and promises. He frequently bought many of the goods and quickly resold them without paying his creditors. Mudgett also purchased land as far away as Texas, always acting as the agent of a fictitious person, and obtained cash by mortgaging it while failing to make good on the original debt. He even sold water stolen from a city main as mineral water. According to a contemporary report in the Chicago Herald, he was "one of the boldest and shrewdest swindlers in the country. He left scores of victims in Chicago, where firms and individuals right and left were swindled out of various sums through all sorts of fantastic methods."

Mudgett was able to conduct the exploitive relationships with his fraud and murder victims because he

possessed an extraordinarily appealing and persuasive personality. As Franke puts it, "... his foremost weapon was overpowering charm. His victims were drugged by the force of that personality ..."

One witness reported that he could turn angry creditors into dear friends with his smooth manner. In fact, the good Doctor was arrested only once for fraud in St. Louis in 1894.

Mudgett's downfall came as a result of an 1894 insurance scam in which he planned to collect the benefits of a large policy owned by an untrustworthy alcoholic accomplice named Benjamin Pitetzel. Instead of substituting a body and splitting the money with Pitetzel, Mudgett murdered Pitetzel and three of his children in an attempt to keep the entire award. In the most detailed and exciting portion of the book, Franke charts the events that lead to Mudgett's arrest in 1895. An arrest that led to the Doctor being hung one year later for Pitetzel's murder.

The Torture Doctor is a well packaged piece of research on the undeservedly neglected career of one of America's most intriguing criminals. Franke has succeeded in presenting an abundance of hard data in a manner that is neither tedious nor overly dry. His retelling of Mudgett's murder trial, for example, is clear and intelligently delineated; he avoids getting bogged down in the legal specifics without cutting any corners (anyone who has read one of Joseph Wambaugh's otherwise excellent books, e.g. *Echoes In The Darkness*, can appreciate that aspect). Skillful too is the manner in which Franke draws Mudgett's character, using specific events throughout the book rather than the tried and tired expedient of conducting analyses in separate sections. This approach serves to make our Doctor more vivid: a "real" individual. Our understanding of the case is facilitated by the inclusion of such aids as floor plans of the Castle, letters by the murdered Pitetzel children, and a description of Englewood. Franke's liberal addition of illustrations and headlines from the period also lend his book a Victorian atmosphere so convincing that this reviewer must admit to initially believing it was written during that time. In sum, David Franke deserves a collective thanks from those interested in true crime for his outstanding effort in making available an enjoyable and credible account of the astonishing but forgotten life of Herman Webster Mudgett.



QUICK

□ **MOBIOUS STRIPPER - BANA WITT (1992)**

MANIC D PRESS: This slim 'n' sleazy volume from San Fran contains the unrepentant memoirs of a former junkie-whore-porn scenestress in the slurpy pre-AIDS 70s. In twenty-three brief essays, Bana comes off as a friendly, horny hardened, hippy-chick fag hag with a mystical bent. It's scattered, uneven and very confusing, but I guess I would be too after ingesting such copious amounts of LSD and bodily fluids. What makes *Mobius Stripper* more entertaining than your average rehab confessional is the sheer volume of dog-fucking, four-way penetration, Nazi porn, transsexual orgy and labia-piercing anecdotes, as well as the warm fuzzy but frank nostalgic glow Ms. Witt casts upon the sordid proceedings. There's also dirt on the Mitchell Bros., the wank pioneers who deflowered Marilyn Chambers *Behind The Green Door*. At the heart of her recollections is a longing for the glory days, and the sadness of losing high-risk lifestyle friends (who make life worth living and pay the price for it). The fact that Bana *realizes* this and would probably do it all over again for a cookie softens the exhibitionist-self-righteous "so honest" edge that makes most nose-picking exposé zines and autobiographical comics unreadable. The high smut quotient is too casual to be arousing, so don't spend your allowance if you're looking to get off. *Stripper* is more like spending an afternoon with your bad influence aunt in a particularly candid (re:drunk) mood. I would shove this book up Madonna's butt if I didn't think she'd make a million dollars off the photos. - Aaron Lee

Stripper is more like spending an afternoon with your bad influence aunt in a particularly candid (re:drunk) mood. I would shove this book up Madonna's butt if I didn't think she'd make a million dollars off the photos. - Aaron Lee

□ **WHAT WAS THE FIRST ROCK 'N' ROLL RECORD - JIM DAWSON AND STEVE PROPPES (1992)**

FABER AND FABER: A stupid question because if r&r is about attitude and playing with vicious abandon than the style has been with us since the dawn of time.

Dawson and Forbes don't bother to tell us what they think rock and roll is but they slouch toward a definition in their discussions of fifty likely candidates. Written in a dry, dispassionate tone, bereft of the humor the subject deserves, the book is however nicely researched, well informed and stuffed with interesting anecdotes, quotes and asides. For those of you who believe that possessing a rock library isn't an oxymoron this must be considered an indispensable volume. For those of you who don't, here's my answer to the titular question: "Rocket 88" by Jackie Brenston with His Delta Cats (1951) which is merely the *twenty-fourth* nominated song. - Dom Salemi

□ **MEN WOMEN AND CHAINSAWS: GENDER IN THE MODERN HORROR FILM - CAROL J. CLOVER (1992)**

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS: Sitting on the shelves of your local corporate hell chain bookstore, this \$19.95 hardcover blends in all too well with a wall of stuffy, overpriced plot synopses disguised as "critical studies." The similarity ends there. Clover has crafted an obsessively researched, 236 page argument for a major overhaul in post-60s film theory. Her vehicle just happens to be the ("encroaching vigorously on the pornographic") slasher and rape revenge flicks you *Brutarian* readers cut your teeth 'pon. With healthy disrespect for mainstream "low-risk exploitation" (*Pacific Heights*, *Thelma and Louise*, *Sleeping with the Enemy*, *Silence of the Lambs*) and absolute malice for p.c., critics who refuse to acknowledge the transgressive nature of *I Spit On Your Grave*, you'll find yourself cheering Carol on like a 42nd street derelict taking in a *Bloodsucking Freaks* matinee. Rednecks will appreciate Clover's impassioned defense of backwoods toothless inbreds, the by-default niggers of a "progressive" urbane society (hell, even Joe Bob Briggs had to stand up and applaud from the pages of *We Are The Weird*, and you just *know* he doesn't take kindly to academic types). In the last chapter, "The Eye of Horror," the author becomes a psychoanalytic Leatherface, carving up Freud, Sontag, Mulvey and Metz, Siskel and Ebert. A nicely structured gestalt, it will have male readers grabbing their crotch in denial. The whole performance is rather breathtaking really and is highly recommended unless you're afraid of a deadly serious scholarly tone or of having your own masochistic viewing

habits dissected and shoved down your throat. If that's the case then stick to *Fangoria*. - Aaron Lee

□ **MURDER BY THE NUMBERS - MAX ALLAN COLLINS (1993)**

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS: Almost in tandem with the issue of his *Chicago Mob Wars* trading card set (Kitchen Sink Press, Princeton, WI), Shamus award winning mystery writer Max Allan Collins has published this entertaining and adroit mix of fact and fiction, the fourth in a series of police procedurals involving the exploits of Eliot Ness. Here we find ourselves in Cleveland with Ness as the Director of Public Safety taking on the seemingly impossible task of busting up the Mafia's iron-clad grip on the numbers racket. Along the way we meet a number of interesting characters including legendary Afro-American hard boiled writer Chester Himes. - Dom Salemi

□ **THE THRILL OF FEAR: 250 YEARS OF SCARY ENTERTAINMENT - WALTER KENDRICK (1992)**

GROVE WEIDENFELD: The former *Voice Literary Supplement* editor asks himself what it is we like about all things horrible and comes up with this brilliant, groundbreaking conclusion: we enjoy being scared. Of course if mere *frisson* was the sole motivator for indulging in the horrific we would not constantly be returning, as we do, to *Psycho* or to Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Yet in this two hundred fifty plus history, launched with the Graveyard poets and docking with today's splatter films, Kendrick steadfastly refuses to even entertain the notion that individuals read ghost stories or watch "terrifying" movies for reasons other than cheap thrills. Ironically, the author's disdain for his subject has resulted, for the most part, in the selection of dreadfully uninteresting exemplars to support his hypothesis. Then again, if Kendricks had chosen to discuss the many outstanding contributions to the horror genre, he would have been forced to acknowledge, in discussing their myriad virtues, a position contrary to the one which is the very foundation of this dreary tome. Which in turn leads to the question of why Kendricks, or anyone for that matter, would want to bother writing a study on a subject they found so inherently uninteresting? Or why anyone would want to take the trouble to read it once it was completed? - Dom Salemi

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Inquisition

Text by Robert Held/Photographs by Marcello Bertoni

Qua D'Arno Publishers (Exhibition Catalogue 1985)

by Brain Johnson

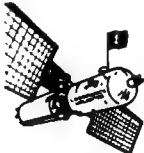
Showcasing approximately eighty-five instruments of capital punishment, humiliation and torture, the Inquisition exhibition opened in Florence, Italy in April of 1983 and finished the tour in Barcelona three years later becoming internationally famous in the process. In the prologue, "A Few Words Of Reflection," the author informs us that the devices included in this photographic document of the show are not just from "the" Inquisition, but rather from "three" separate European Inquisitions. The first was known as the Medieval or Papal, the second was called the Roman and of course, the "popular" or best-known, was the Spanish. Held then goes on to detail, in eleven all too brief pages, the history of this systematic Catholic Church sponsored destruction of heretics, witches, Jews, and dissenters. Interestingly, many of these "methods" were frequently used by secular authorities and none were deemed so excessive or unusual that they could not be used on the common burglar or any other criminal unfortunate enough to be captured.

But what made the Inquisition so abhorrent was the blood-lust of the Church. Man, woman or child didn't really have to break a law to have their lives capriciously terminated. And no one was safe from the mindless cruelty of the Church.

As one peruses the many macabre photographs and woodcuts inside this ghoulish collection, the answer to the question of what separates man from beast becomes ever clearer: our ability to deliberately inflict pain on one another. The media has kept most of the information concerning the Inquisition safely out of the collective consciousness, rewriting history to paint a somewhat rosier portrait of religious persecution but the burning reality of *Inquisition* gives the lie to such revisionism. And it's all the more disquieting when one realizes that many of these devices (or variations thereof), are still being used in certain parts of the world today.

Accompanying each stark black and white photograph is a short paragraph or two describing the implement, estimated years of "operation," materials from which constructed and desired results from use. The following is an excerpt from the section on the "Head Crusher" device and illustrates the books grisly tone:

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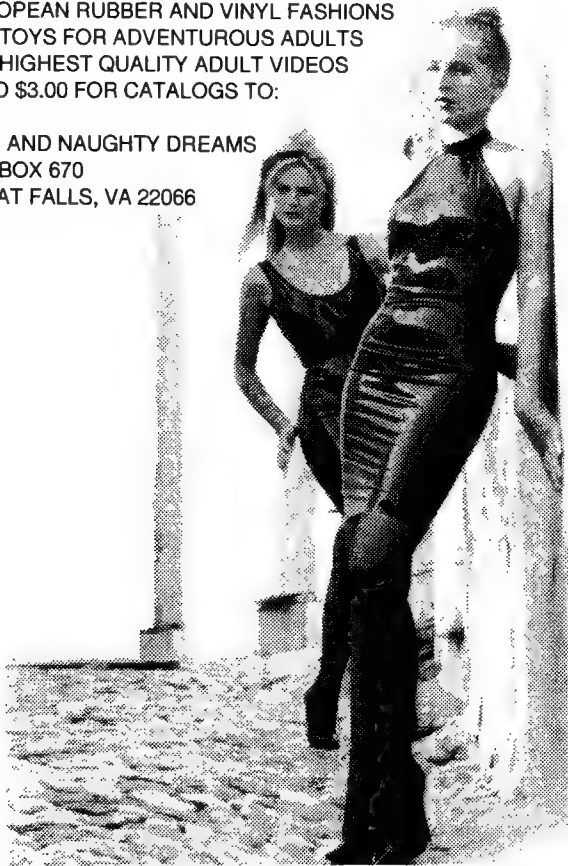
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Recorded in sources dating as early as the Middle Ages, head crushers enjoy the esteem of the authorities in many parts of the world today. The victim's chin is placed on the lower bar, and the cap is forced down by the screw. All comments seem superfluous. First the teeth are crushed into their sockets and smash the surrounding bone, then the eyes are forced out of their sockets, and finally the brain squirts through the fragmented skull. Although nowadays no longer a means of capital punishment, head crushers are still used for interrogation. The modern caps and chin rests are padded with soft materials so as to leave no mark on the victim.

By the time one reaches the end of this document of depravity, one should undoubtedly realize that torture and/or the death penalty offers no real solutions or deterrents, but exist solely to satisfy the barbarism and the seemingly inborn and irrepressible need of human beings to make other living creatures suffer.

Shocking, repellent, horrifying and ultimately fascinating, *Inquisition* is a gut-wrenching photo-document of some of man's darkest impulses and a reminder that even though "the" Inquisition is over, "inquisitions" still take place. And, if Mr. Held is to be believed, always will: "Probably the last survivor of the human race will be some torture victim in an underground cell beyond the reach of radiation." Not a pretty picture.

Flying Through Hollywood By The Seat Of My Pants

Samuel Z. Arkoff with Richard Trubo (1992) Birch

Lane Press

by Randy Palmer

You know Samuel Z. Arkoff: he was the "other" half of American International Pictures (AIP). I call Sam the "other" half because the late James H. Nicholson was the one who got all the press and is the one most often associated with the aforementioned motion picture company. Big Jim got numerous mentions in the press because he came up with many of the company's most memorable titles: *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*, *The Beast With A Million Eyes*, *How To Stuff A Wild Bikini*, *The Day The World Ended*, *Terror From The Year 5,000* . . . they were all his, and the list goes on. (Note, however, that I said Nicholson came up with memorable titles. The pictures themselves were something else.)

Arkoff didn't dream up titles. He represented the business side of movie making. He was, after all, a lawyer first and a movie mogul second. Accordingly,

many of Arkoff's reminiscences recall the dollars-and-sense side of things which is an aspect of AIP that hasn't been covered all that thoroughly before. Of course that's probably because not too many people are really interested in such a subject but Arkoff does try to please his readers by providing intermittent tales about the lighter side of budget-conscious movie making. Thus we find snippets about the legendary Roger Corman, Francis Ford Coppola (who directed *Dementia 13*, a better-than-you'd-expect *Psycho*-style shocker made in 1964), and actors some of us (well, me at least) had forgotten began their careers at AIP (Robert De Niro in Corman's remarkable *Bloody Mama*, for instance). Unfortunately, there are also more than one or two occasions when Arkoff attempts to tell a story recounted numerous times by others. Normally this wouldn't be a bad thing but Sam's version is often simply not the truth e.g. his take on the early AIP feature *The Beast With A Million Eyes*. This happens often enough to have you wondering whether Sam's grabbing at someone else's mis-memories just to fatten the page count. (It might also make you doubt Arkoff even bothered reviewing the older AIPix he's talking about.) Well, never mind. There's enough good stuff here to offset the occasional blunder.

However, there is a down-side. AIP was for many years a trend setter in the exploitation film world, virtually inventing new "genres" like the Poe, beach and biker flicks. It's a bit sad that AIP grew less outlandish with age. In fact, shortly after Roger Corman left the AIP fold (after a dispute involving the re-cutting of his 1969 film *GAS-S-S-S*) the company ceased to create new types of entertainment. Instead they became followers, jumping on bandwagons driven by other pioneers. Where did that vivid vision go? What happened to the company's ability to foist new fodder on an unsuspecting public? (Did we all just wise up, or what?) Significantly, Arkoff doesn't mention any of this, although to be fair he does talk about amazing colossal mistakes like *De Sade* (which Corman had to "rescue" from director Cy Enfield in order for AIP to have a releasable picture) and *Angel, Angel Down We Go* (aka *Cult Of The Damned*).

If this book had been published sooner I would *unhesitatingly* recommend it. But most AIP fans are already familiar with the information contained herein, having previously read it in books like *Brilliance on a Budget* and *The Fast and the Furious* and even Roger Corman's book on Roger Corman. Ah, what the hell, buy *Flying* anyway, most of these stories bear repeating because as Sammy fondly points out in just about every chapter, AIP was there first; maybe not with the most, or the best - but there's something to be said about being first, even if it's first in folly.



Crossfire - The Plot That Killed Kennedy

Jim Marrs

Carroll & Graf (1989/92)

First Hand Knowledge - How I Participated In the CIA-Mafia Murder of President Kennedy

Robert D. Morrow

S.p.i. Books (1992)

JFK - The CIA, Vietnam And The Plot To Assassinate John F. Kennedy

L. Fletcher Prouty

Birch Lane (1992)

by Dom Salemi

In drafting his screenplay for *JFK* Oliver Stone relied largely on the book *Crossfire*. It's easy to see why: almost any part of *Crossfire* would make a great foundation for a movie or a docudrama. If only the makers of the woeful and moronically revisionist *Ruby* had been astute enough to rely on Marrs' epochal work they might have made a film as compelling as Stone's.

Crossfire is an exhaustive study, a critique really, of the official versions of the events surrounding the Kennedy assassination. Written by a veteran newspaperman, the book is cogently and intelligently written. Marrs possesses the knack for taking complicated theories and detailed jargon found in ballistic tests, photographic alteration studies and the like and reducing them to their compelling essentials. And although remarkably well organized, Marrs has not written a narrative but a research tool, a compendium organized around major subjects of inquiry such as the CIA, Jack Ruby and the Warren Commission ("O most lame and impotent conclusions.") with subchapters on corollary issues, allowing both the casual reader and the assassination buff to dip into the book any place he chooses.

For those who decide to thoroughly and attentively read all five hundred and ninety pages, be forewarned, after finishing *Crossfire* you'll probably conclude that our government is so hopelessly corrupt that you're better off living in El Salvador or Iraq. At least in those nineteenth century fascist states, the enemy has a face.

And yes, without going into detail, the CIA, the Mob spearheaded by New Orleans capo, Carlos Marcello, and anti-Castro Cuban exiles (possibly masterminded by CIA and Mafia aviator, David Ferrie) all coordinated their efforts to blow away the President. Marrs makes mincemeat of the theory that the Mob, both before and after the assassination, acted on its own by detailing how the FBI, the CIA, President Johnson and the Warren Commission conspired to cover-up, destroy and alter evidence and intimidate witnesses so as to ram down the public's throat the "fact" that Lee Harvey Oswald (there apparently were two of them) acted alone. (Allen Dulles, ex-CIA chief and

member of the Warren Commission: "We have nothing to worry about, the public doesn't read.") The Mob, Cosa Nostra, Syndicate, Mafia, or whatever you want to call these assholes, simply didn't - and still don't - have the manpower to effect such a grandiose subterfuge. Hell, they couldn't even keep their murder of Jimmy Hoffa a secret.

I would guess that most people have very little interest in the Kennedy murder and assassination conspiracies in general but I know that almost everyone loves scandal and for this reason alone, Marrs' book is worth the price of admission. *Crossfire* has scores of fascinating revelations that should come as a shock to even the most jaded and apolitical among us. Here are a few samples:

- An FBI memo revealed that Jack Ruby worked as an informant for Congressman Richard Milhous Nixon in 1947.
- Estes Kefauver, a close personal friend of LBJ's, told members of the Texas media that of Lyndon ordered the murder of a Department of Agriculture official who was looking into Estes "habit" of acquiring millions of dollars of federal cotton allotment payments on land which was under water or actually owned by the federal government. Estes claimed that Johnson ordered Marshall's death to prevent the exposure of his connections with Estes.
- While in prison, Jack Ruby confessed to psychiatrist Werner Teuter that the "assassination" was "an act of overthrowing the government" and that he knew "who had President Kennedy killed." In a letter smuggled out of the Dallas County Jail, Ruby claimed that the "who" was a "conspiracy . . . I mean [Lyndon] Johnson and others . . ."

While *Crossfire* seems so fantastic that it almost has to be true, *First Hand Knowledge* is so matter of fact about the fantastic that it seems impossible *not* to be true. Author William Morrow was a senior CIA agent working for the head of that agency's covert operations unit. A sophisticated electronics expert, Morrow was ostensibly hired to aid exiled Cubans in "liberating" their people but along the way was inadvertently drawn into the plot to assassinate Kennedy. It was he, Morrow claims, who purchased the Mannlicher-Carno rifles supposedly used in the assas-

sination - actually these weapons were used to set up Oswald as they were notoriously ineffective even at short range (q.v. *Crossfire* p. 440) - and designed the transceiver units utilized by the assassins to coordinate their activities on November 22, 1963.

Morrow tells a gripping tale despite his dry, rather dispassionate tone, deftly illustrating "how" the conspiracy came together. And for the first time, we get an intimate look at the man - ghoul really - most assassination scholars believe to have been the "brains," the principal organizer of said conspiracy, David Ferrie. It was Ferrie, Morrow shows almost beyond a shadow of a doubt, Ferrie working under Carlos Marcello and Guy Bannister who masterminded the entire operation.

Given Ferrie's garrulous nature, it's difficult to believe, since Morrow was almost in constant contact with him, that he had virtually no idea what Ferrie and his associates were up to. But questions like this take a back seat to a story shot through with all the elements of a Ian Fleming novel: wild gun play, romance, torture, murder, counterfeiting, double and triple crosses, political intrigue and much, much more. How Morrow managed to live to write his book when so many with tangential connections to the assassination were killed is, quite simply, a miracle. But I don't believe in miracles, not where the CIA is concerned. This is an organization that even had Kennedy's mistress killed. So there's something Morrow is not telling us. Could he be saving whatever he's hiding for his next book?

It is not often that I can recommend something as required reading but *JFK* is without a doubt a book unequivocally and absolutely necessary for your education. To put it simply, Prouty has penned a masterpiece, a tour de force that tells you how the world works and why it works the way it does. But *JFK* is not pleasant reading. Actually, it is horrifying reading purposefully designed to shatter any remaining illusions you may have had about America and the people who run it. And even if you have no illusions about politics, Prouty is still going to shake your notion of "reality" to pieces. This is not a enjoyable process; I am still psychically convalescing even though it has been several weeks since I finished the book. And when, and if I do recover, I know I will never be the same.

You've heard this before, these are the theories underlying Oliver Stone's movie:

- The organizing principle of any society is for war.
- The basic authority of a modern state over its people resides in its war powers.
- War readiness accounts for approximately a tenth of the output of the world's economy.

Why is this so? Because there would be no stable internal political structure without the threat of war.

Such threat provides political stability, discourages dissent and, as Hegel correctly noted, "fosters the spiritual cement of patriotism." We all rally 'round the flag.

Yet the irony is that the people running the war machine are not affiliated with any country or "nation." Rather, they are a "power elite" who while not easy to define, are as R. Buckminster Fuller noted, "vastly ambitious individuals who [have] become effectively powerful because of their ability to remain invisible while operating behind the national scenery." And when these individuals "win," i.e., consolidate their power and increase their wealth, they are always careful to cloak their victory in the guise of a invincible nation state.

However, an interesting scientific development occurred about midway through the Twentieth Century: The H-Bomb. Because of its armageddon-like destructive capabilities it made the concept of all-out winnable war an oxymoron. An enemy, backed to the wall could always call on nuclear arms to snatch a truce from the jaws of victory. For his opponent, the alternative was total global destruction.

So with the concept of "war" essentially obsolete, the "power elite" had to develop a kind of crisis alternative to preserve their own necessity under the guise of nationalism. What they came up with was, essentially, war games; a deadly kind of play where human lives are forfeited merely to preserve the status quo. It was an "all-new type of invisible war... waged under the cloak of propaganda, black budgets, and secrecy." It was called the "Cold War," effectuated primarily by the CIA and the KGB. For the power elite or "High Cabal" as Winston Churchill termed it, it was a marvelous substitute for war. It kept the population from reaching critical mass, depleted the products of the death merchants and could be reasonably controlled by the game players.

The first great Cold War battlefield was Korea. Vietnam was to be the second. Kennedy wanted to stop the games. He wanted to end the Cold War and establish detente with Khrushchev and the USSR and, along the way, splinter the hopelessly corrupt CIA into "a thousand pieces." He signed a memorandum (NSAM #263) publicly announcing his intention to have all US personnel out of Vietnam by the end of 1965. In short, JFK was doing nothing less than beginning the process of beating our swords into plowshares and with it eradicating "war" as the philosophical bulwark of American society. That directive perhaps more than anything else Kennedy did or said, was the clearest indication of that utopian goal. Prouty believes, with the release of that memo, Kennedy also signed his death warrant. It was a death that murdered hope, cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war. The dogs still wander freely. Read *JFK*, look on their handiwork and despair.

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QUOTE:

"I never met a man
I didn't like, who
didn't go
to the
bathroom."
- WILL
ROGERS

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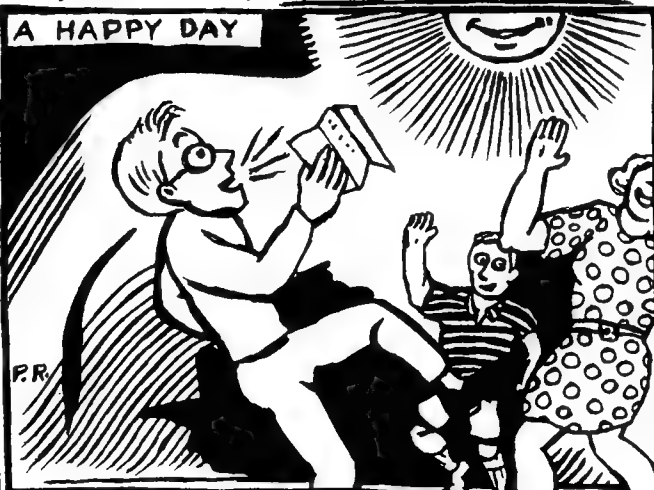
"Play it again,
Sam, then go to
the bathroom."
- HUMPHREY
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"The finest, most sophisticated toilet humor
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ARGENTINA

A HAPPY DAY



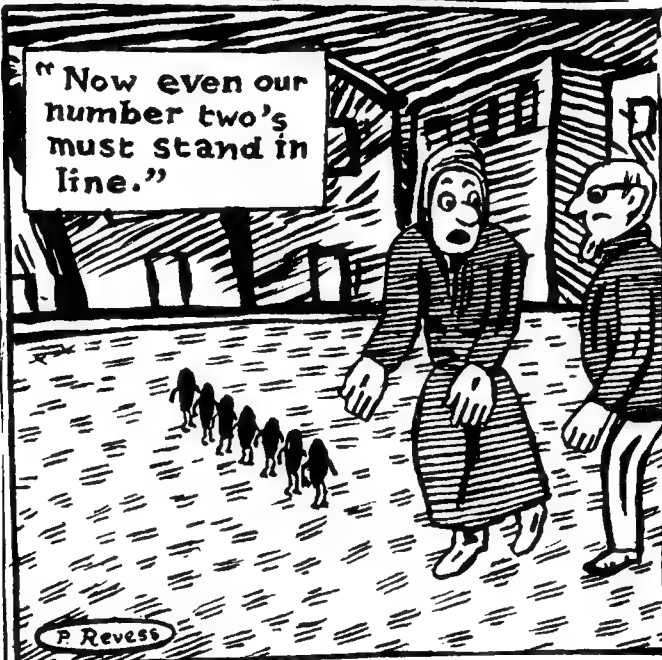
"Huzzah, I've just been made
Professor of B.M.s at the Big Universi-
ty."

FRANCE



"After my last show I
pooh-poohed the critics.
Literally."

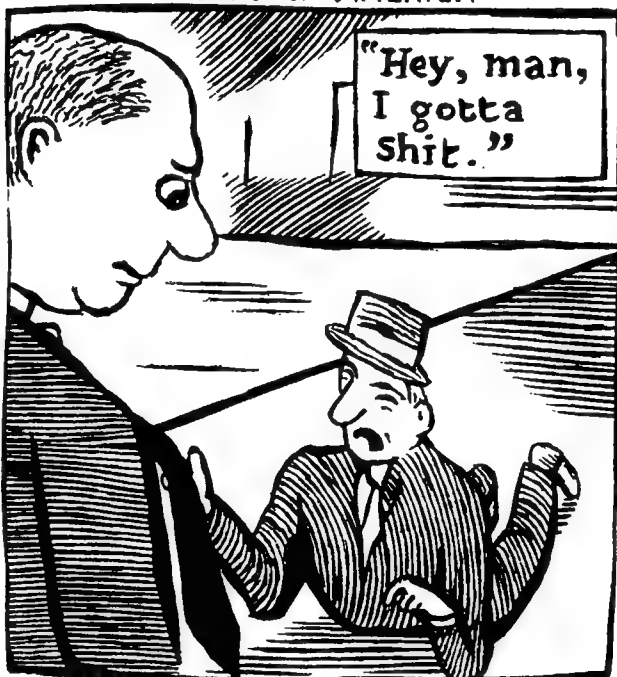
RUSSIA



"Now even our
number two's
must stand in
line."

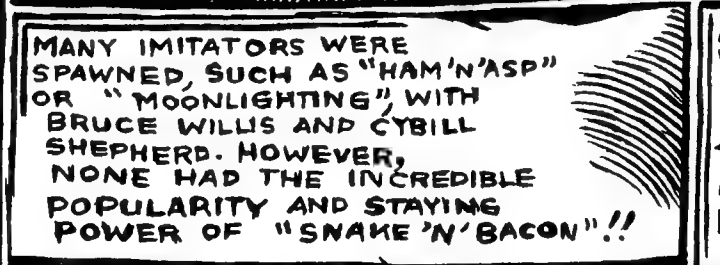
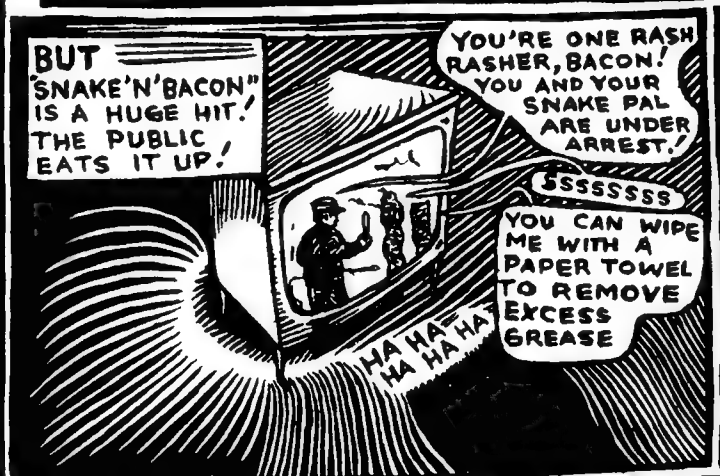
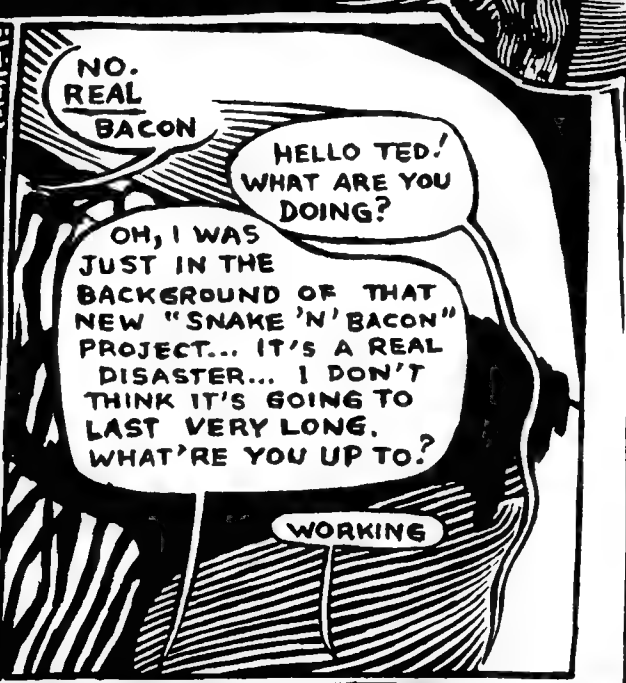
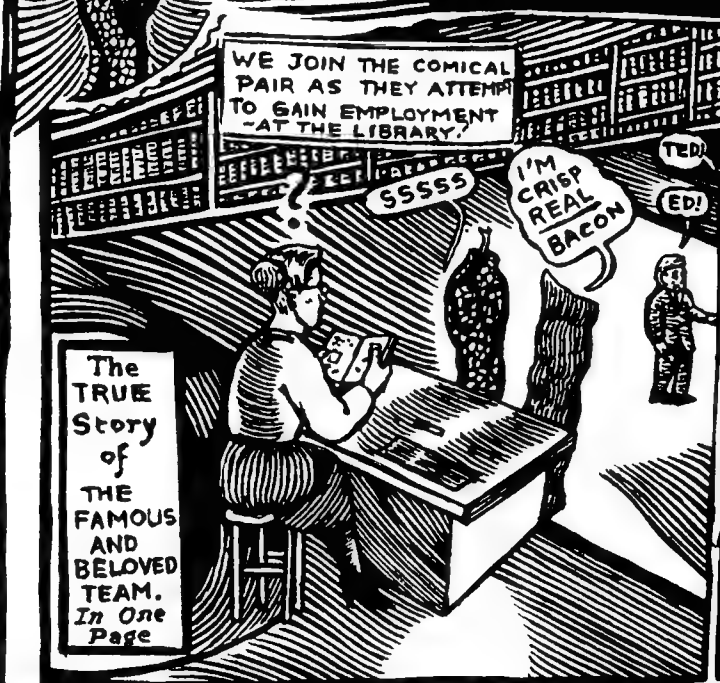
P. Revers

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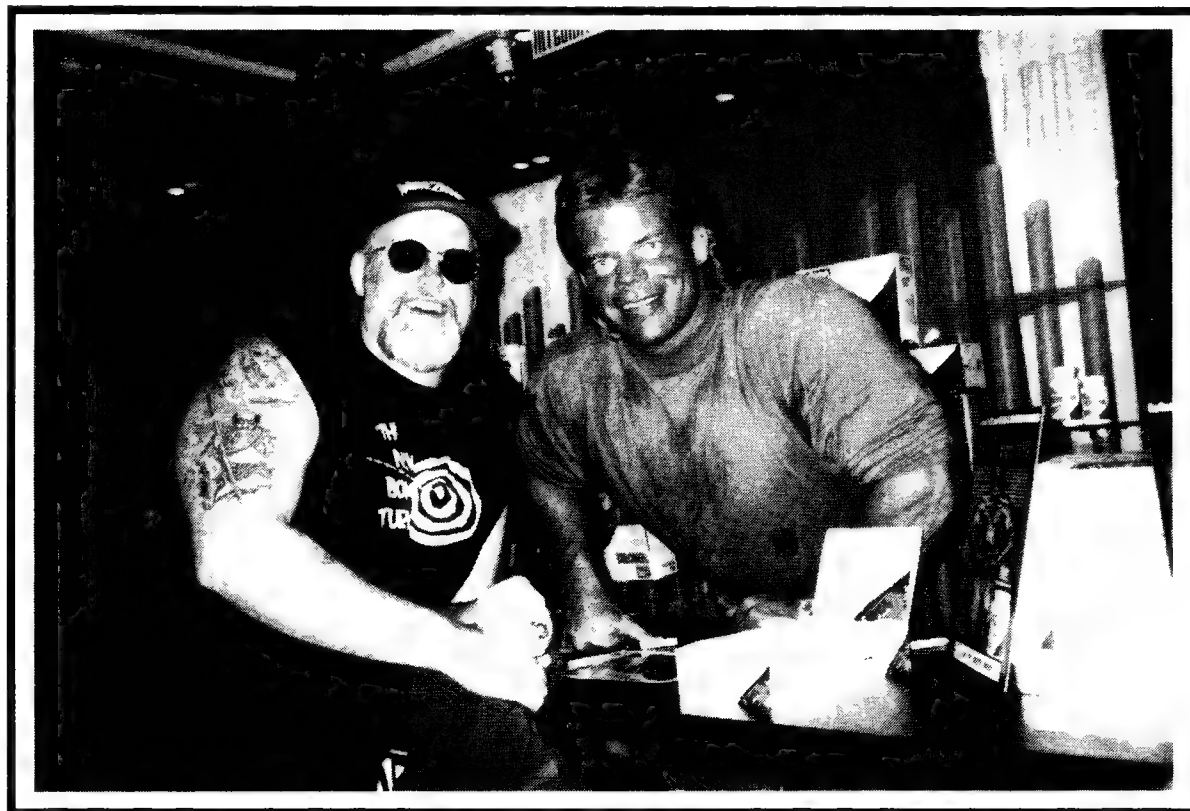
"Hey, man,
I gotta
shit."

SNAKE 'N' BACON



GARGLE MY BALL

by Jim Schoene



The Pope of Ohio visiting with Lex Luger, The Narcissist, "The Total Package."

First things first. By now I'm sure you've all heard of the demise of Andre Rousimoff, also known to the ham-and-egggers as **ANDRE THE GIANT**. He died in France on January 27th of a heart attack. I don't think it was all that surprising to those of us who had seen him in the last several years - oh hell, the last decade. Christ, the guy weighed 550 pounds, and they had to use a forklift to get him out of his shipping coffin. Years ago, however, he was the biggest draw around. But anyway, you probably haven't heard about the gangland-style rub-out of **DINO BRAVO**, once billed as Canada's strongest wrestler. It seems that Bravo, real name Alfredo Bresciano, was very active in Montreal mob activity, and who could blame him, seeing as how his aunt was married to Vic Cotroni, known in some circles as Montreal's godfather. Bravo was involved in smuggling Yan-

kee cigarettes into Canada, a common practice because their homegrown stuff sells for about five bucks a pack. The Mounties busted some guys with a huge shipment worth about a half a million, and it seems Dino didn't cover his tracks well enough. I mean, a half a million dollars is certainly reason enough in Western society to whack some guy. No mention of his death on any of the T.V. shows . . . Just out from Feral House/Fantagraphics is **COSMIC RETRIBUTION: THE INFERNAL ART OF JOE COLEMAN**, a beautiful coffee table sized glossy volume covering the bulk of this madman's career. For the uninitiated, Coleman paints some of the most painful yet exhilarating canvasses around. Entirely self-taught, he lays bare the psychic morass that festers inside us all. And to those who know Joe personally, he's one of the nicest, most reserved people around. All

the craziness is up on the canvas. I can say that I am proud to own two of the paintings that are reproduced in color in the book. You owe it to yourself to check this stuff out . . . An address change is in order for **THE ARCHIVES OF AESTHETIC NIHILISM**: write to Aes-Nihil Prod., 7210 Jordan Avenue, #B-41, Canoga Park, California, 91303. Where else can you find a three hour video of the complete 1993 Susan Atkins (of the Manson fame) parole hearing? Or a vid of the Velvet Underground reunion in Paris? And by the way, they are going to tour this summer. You heard it first in *Brutarian*. Or maybe you're looking for Russ Meyer's *Seven Minutes* on videotape. You can even get audio tapes of the interrogation of some of the early Tate murder suspects, like some drug dealers, Polanski, and even Jay Sebring's butler. Give them a try . . . **JOHN ZORN** is truly one of the great renaissance men of modern music. You may not like all the stuff he tries, but you have to admire his range. He now has a deal with Disk Union, a Japanese outfit (he lives there half the time anyway), and they've let him start his own label, "Avante," and the first batch of titles are out now. These include *Buckethead Land*, a double disc set from Buckethead, the completely fucked guitarist that you may know from the recent release on Axiom Records by the group Praxis. Or you may know him from his habit of wearing a KFC bucket on his head, along with a very weird mask. It's produced by Bootsy Collins. Also out is a new one from those legendary noisemakers, Blind Idiot God (remember them from SST?). It's called *Cyclotron* produced by Bill Laswell, and it's just as noisy as

their earlier stuff, but with a little more dub influence. Also on the music scene from Mr. Zorn, but not on his own label, is still another release by his ongoing group Naked City. Its called *Leng Tch'e* and it's on the Toy's Factory label. When the Pope threw this gem into his CD player, he instantly thought that he was listening to the best recorded Melvins' album in history. And it is like the Melvins. Only with chops. But it's not the Melvins. It's that goofball Zorn at work again. Bill Frisell on guitar, Kermit Driscoll on bass and Joey Baron on drums. It's a truly musical melange of power chords and very precise thrashing on drums and in all seriousness, possibly the heaviest record of all time. Just the thing to play in your car at Ted Nugent level at a stoplight in a real nice neighborhood. All of these musical treats should be readily available at a good record store that carries imports. If in doubt, try Tower . . . For fans of the **ANDREW VACHSS' "BURKE" NOVELS**, which are sort of noirish semi-mysteries written in an almost short-hand style, try his new one called *Shella*. In this one, he deals with a guy who had the worst childhood imaginable who has become a hired killer. The plot involves a dancer on the lam and the killer's struggle to track her down and his reasons for doing so. It's written in the same staccato style but is much darker than most of his previous work . . . Upcoming on the Axiom label (Dist. by Polygram) in May is *Ekstasis* by **NICKY SKOPELITIS**, featuring Bernie Worrell, the Last Poets, and Ziggy Modeliste, the drummer for the legendary Meters. Not to be missed.

We print BRUTARIAN . . .
nobody else will.

GIANT
P R I N T I N G

3530 Wilson Boulevard, Arlington, Virginia 22201
(703) 525-1313



BRUTARIAN CONTRIBUTORS



Keith Brewer: is the publisher of *A Taste Of Bile*, a fanzine so depraved that it forced Jeffrey Dahmer to cancel his subscription.

Pat Carroll: will be awfully surprised to discover that it was his father who sent us his strips.

Steve Cerio: has had his art featured in almost every magazine of consequence emanating from NYC.

Tom Corlette: in all likelihood will never work for Disney Studios again.

Mike Diana: seems to be living a life far stranger than his strips.

Brian DiPlacido: teaches the mentally challenged and thus finds it quite easy working with the *Brutarian* staff.

Sally Eckhoff: the putative writer of a monthly column for *TV Wrestlers* was totally unaware that the male Mae West goes by the name of Ric Flair.

Cole Gagne: swears up and down that he's not slumming, but we still don't understand what a guy this erudite is doing in our magazine.

Danny Hellman: wants everyone to know that working for *Screw*, *Hustler* or *Panty Line Fever* doesn't make it any easier to get laid.

Jarrett Huddleston: is afraid that selling his strip to a magazine like *Screw* will compromise his integrity. Right.

Steve Jeffries: is a genius. It's true. He's got the letters to prove it.

Brian Johnson: told us *Brutarian* was his favorite magazine only after we started to publish his stuff.

Jim Kirkland: believes that Monica Gayle, the still-gorgeous co-anchor of the overnight CBS-TV news show *Up To The Minute*, was a teen actress in Ed Wood Jr's 1970 soft-core film *Take It Out In Trade*.

Joe Kolb: wants everyone to know that Minnesota is the land of ten thousand, not one thousand lakes. Hey Joe, what's the difference? You seen one lake, you seen them all. Know what I mean?

Aaron Lee: although hailing from Kentucky is really quite literate and is still in possession of most of his teeth.

Stately Wayne Manor: is going to be *really* upset when he discovers that we lost his hilarious contributors' page description of himself.

Onan The Brutarian: will be shilling for Something Weird Video starting next issue.

Randy Palmer: finally was able to place a piece in *FilmFax*. After he sees the size of their check, he'll realize that he's better off having his stuff published by us.

Matt Verta-Ray: didn't come through with the recording he promised us, so no one gets a record with this issue.

Paul Revers: is not nearly as psychotic as his comics make him appear to be.

dom salemi: is quite angry over the fact that everyone associated with the magazine has been hailed as a genius while he continues to toil in obscurity.

Ernie Santilli: is going to be *really, really* upset when he discovers that we lost his hilarious contributors' page description of himself.

Jim Schoene: wants everyone to know that there is no truth to the rumor that he will be taking Yokozuna's place in the WWF now that Wrestlemania IX is history.

Slimsey: wants it kept secret that he has known Steven Jeffries since childhood.

Sandra Smioldo: does not wish to take credit for laying out the magazine or for continuing to cohabitate with . . . dom salemi.

Greg Suss: as we previously mentioned, chain-smokes Camels, drinks a lot of soda and eats tons of M&Ms. Draw your own conclusions.

Hey Would-be Brutarian Contributors

Searching for a forum suitable to express your deluded messianic ravings? Possessed of a spleen sorely in need of a good venting? Send us your ravings, your scrawlings, your missives yearning to breathe! If yer real good, there might be some beer money in it fer ya.

BRUTARIAN

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